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Letters, Journals and
Memories
of
E. Huntington Blatchford

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BY

MARY E. BLATCHFORD

*To the Memory
of
Them Both*



March 1, 1955

TRANSACTING

The defendant's father, who was a well known and successful business man, was a member of the National Association of Manufacturers and was a member of the National Association of Manufacturers. The defendant's father was a member of the National Association of Manufacturers and was a member of the National Association of Manufacturers. The defendant's father was a member of the National Association of Manufacturers and was a member of the National Association of Manufacturers.

[illegible]



FRANCES MAY BLATCHFORD

Frances May Blatchford

FRANCES MAY BLATCHFORD began this life eleven years earlier than the brother of whom she writes, and ended it thirteen years later. His living presence had been her most vivid and pervasive joy; his memory through those last years was the background of her daily living; the inspiration of her purposes, the refuge from her disappointments. Her love for him developed fast from the elder sister's fondness for the baby of the family into a totally different sentiment. He soon grew old enough to touch her imagination, to awaken her confidence, to rouse her admiration. While still a boy in years he became her practical adviser and her knight of romance. If he had lived to marry, one wonders what woman could have satisfied her requirements as a fit mate for her Galahad, but probably the fact that she was *his choice* would have covered her with a glamor through which no faults could have emerged save faults of omission or commission toward him.

There is no doubt that while gifted with a keen power of character analysis, it was a gift rather than an acquirement; always instinctive, rather than logical, always influenced, sometimes clouded by feeling. Her ardent temperament was endowed with an incomparable power of loving, of loyalty, of self sacrifice, and, while she lacked the

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attributes of a judicial mind, her hazel wand of spiritual insight gave her extraordinary power to detect springs of spiritual life, however hidden, in however unpromising soil. Her discovery of such springs, especially her discovery of spiritual needs, bound her warmly to persons in whom those about her saw little worthy of her regard. But so soon as her affections were strongly enlisted they covered all faults but those of worldliness, of vulgarity, or hardness of heart. Against these she opposed an involuntary barrier of ice.

In her relation to Huntington her power of covering faults with a mantle of love had need of little exercise. He sowed none of the wild oats that doting elder sisters often condone, and seek to cover; his faults were not evident to the most searching eye. The maternal side of her love for him had already given place to the friendship of equality before the period covered by the letters and journals of this little book, and only so much of the motherly in it survived as entered into her feeling for all those whom she truly loved. The wealth of mother-love in her nature overflowed into all the intimate relationships of her life.

She always laid stress upon the difference between the two kinds of parental love—the accidental and the universal—and was fond of pointing out conspicuous instances of either. To the élite of the class of universal parents she belonged. Her passion for children had almost nothing of the spinster's cuddling effusion over very young children and pets. It was the deep, comprehending tenderness of the best mothers, added to an

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ever bubbling spring of fun and nonsense, and to an ingrained tact and humor that made her the crony of her boy nephews, the confidante of her college nieces and their friends, and of young married people of both sexes. It was this same quality that gave her so exceptional an understanding of, and tenderness for, old people.

This power of sympathy was only another side of her power of self-effacement, or rather of self-forgetfulness. Hers was hardly a voluntary thing; it was not the quality that drives people into corners, but the quality that brings them unabashed into the open. She was intensely alive, and her self-forgetfulness made her at home in all places, under all circumstances, provided only that her hazel wand had not discovered an alien spirit present. When that was the case, her nature shut itself up like a sensitive plant. But whether she broke the ice of reserve for some wistful, individual soul, addressed a Bible class or missionary meeting, read a paper before an exacting club, acted as toastmaster at her parents' golden wedding, received their large circle of friends and acquaintances in her own home, or a party of college boys or girls in a public inn, her own self, her looks, her clothing, even her physical handicaps, which were often severe enough to have sent many a woman to bed, were the last things that concerned her.

Perhaps it was her keen sense of humor also, that kept her from shyness, for she was exceedingly humble as to her own abilities, and had nothing of what is usually classed as self confidence; but

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there were times when this humor gave way to sensitiveness, when she took herself as seriously as the vainest, and was immoderately cast down by criticism or by disapproval, real or fancied, from her family or friends. She was also alive to any slight put upon those belonging to her, and her sense of justice was occasionally defective where the interests of her dearest ones were concerned. Probably her sensitive moods were in most cases a direct reflection of her physical condition.

Always slow to exact services or beg favors for herself, she could boldly request whatever would add to the comfort or pleasure of her parents, her family, or her friends, and not only obtain it, but leave the granter of the privilege gratified with his opportunity. Her perfect courtesy to those who served her in any capacity, won her warm friends among the humble people, wherever she went. She was always a piquant combination of the natural (and convinced) democrat, and the inherent aristocrat. It was one secret of her personal charm, and of her success as a diplomat. She lent dignity to the most commonplace surroundings, and borrowed none from the most sumptuous.

Her religious life was simply and literally her whole life. It covered her gayest pastimes, (and her power of enjoyment, of pure gaiety, was greater than that of most happy children). It was the touchstone for her democracy. Let a man be truly religious—above all, religious with a simple, evangelical piety—and were he of what rank or condition soever, he stepped at once upon her

Frances May Blatchford

social level; let him be gifted with the higher kind of spiritual insight, let him have seen "the gleam" and be consecrated to its pursuit, and rich or poor, famous or obscure, she welcomed him to her inner circle.

She had enough worldliness to perceive the uses of certain accepted social barriers and customs, but they cast no shadow on her heart. They were no more to her than desks and discipline in a school room, unlovely and hampering in themselves, but accepted for their convenience. In her private, individual intercourse they were almost non-existent. How wide the circle of her influence—how deep the impress made upon some with whom she had had only a passing intercourse, no one knew until after she was gone, when testimonies and tributes poured in from far and near, from high and low. What stores of grateful and loving remembrance lie folded away in obscure hearts, where they will never be revealed, not even those who knew her best can estimate.

Among the hundreds of tributes that found expression on paper, there is one that seems peculiarly to belong to this short biographical introduction to her book—to Huntington's book, as she would have called it—and to give it a fitting conclusion. It is from one who, more than any other, helped and advised her in her task of love, who added his appreciation of Huntington to its treasures, and in this unstudied note to her mother, shows an insight and discrimination that give it much more than the value of a generous homage.

Frances May Blatchford

Manhattan Beach, Cal.

April 3rd, 1919.

MRS. BLATCHFORD,

My dear Friend,

The death of your daughter came to me as a sad surprise, for I had always thought of her as one possessed of overbrimming vitality. She evidently gave her life for others, pouring it out freely and lavishly in unselfish ministries. I met her but seldom, but the impression I have carried with me is that of a face full of sympathy and love. Her interest in others seemed to be a passion, and she certainly lived so as to be loved—and missed. Her memory cannot fail to be to you all a very precious inheritance.

I cannot think of anything more befitting as a memorial than the publication of Huntington's memoirs, upon which she bestowed such loving care. It will unite their names in a very beautiful way.

Greater sisterly love I never knew. Often, in her letters, she told me of her longing to be with the brother beloved. Her wish has been gratified, and she is satisfied.

For any household to have sent on before two such beautiful souls is a great honor, and every thought of them should be a lodestone drawing your hearts upward.

With sincere sympathy for your temporary loss,

Yours in faith and hope,

JAMES M. CAMPBELL.

M. W. L.

August, 1919.

A Trooper's Diary

*From manuscript exactly as left by
Frances May Blatchford*

To
E. W. B. *and* M. E. B.
the Beloved Parents
of
Huntington
to whom
these Letters were
written

Eliphalet Huntington Blatchford

ELIPHALET HUNTINGTON BLATCHFORD'S letters are his best introduction to the reader, for they are the unstudied expression of his luminous personality. He wore no mask, was what he seemed, uttered himself alike in his words and in his actions. To analyse such a nature as his is more than difficult—it is impossible,—so merged and melted were his qualities in one undivided personality. And yet it is only by such a futile analysis that an interpretation to others is possible.

It is customary for cynics to scoff at Young America. I admire his courage, his enterprise, his energy, his chivalry. In Eliphalet Huntington Blatchford, Young America was seen at his best. He was clear-minded and pure-souled. He had the "Merry heart that doeth good like medicine" mated to a serious earnestness of purpose that gave steadiness and stability to his character. His courtesy was born of a true consideration for others, and he was endowed with that imaginative faculty which enables its possessor to think the thoughts and share the feelings of others, and is an essential ingredient in what we call tact—the faculty which some righteous but tiresome people unfortunately lack.

His was a gentle nature, but he was endowed with a chivalric courage. Peter, in his catalogue of the lively stones that go to make up a spiritual

E. Huntington Blatchford

house, puts courage next to faith: "Add to your faith virtue,"—that is manliness. Without that fundamental quality of manliness all the superstructure—knowledge, self control, patience, gentleness, brotherly kindness, and love—will come tumbling down, like a house built on the quicksands. The character which is built on valor for a foundation will not slump when the time of trial comes.

There is a courage born of combativeness. It characterizes the man who rejoices in a fight; like Job's horse, "he saith among the trumpets Ha, Ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting." But there is another kind of courage,—that of one who hates war, but hates wrong more than he hates war; who dares to receive wounds, and, what to him is more difficult, dares to give wounds if it be in obedience to the call of duty. That is what I mean by a chivalrous courage. This was the kind of courage that sent Huntington Blatchford to the Philippines, when his country called its young men to the colors to defend a neighbor, oppressed by a sixteenth century government which had survived in the nineteenth century. When Eliphalet Huntington Blatchford's "new name" was written in his forehead I wonder if it was not Greatheart.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Cornwall-on-Hudson.

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INTRODUCTION

I HAVE just finished the reading of Arthur Christopher Benson's *Life of his Brother Hugh*. In it I find the exact words I need for the beginning and the ending of this sketch of my brother's life. Therefore, I take the liberty of quoting:

"This book was begun with no hope or intention of making a formal and finished biography, but only to place on record some of my brother's sayings and doings, to fix scenes and memories before they suffered from any dim obliteration of time; to catch if I could the tone and sense of that vivid and animated atmosphere which Hugh always created about him."

Huntington's life began on a significant day in a significant year, namely: on October 9, 1876, the date of the centenary of our Country, and the anniversary of the Chicago Fire. At the time of the World's Fair, seventeen years later, Huntington said with a smile that he was much touched to have his birthday celebrated as "Chicago Day," and that he would honor the whole program with his presence, which he did.

The time of Huntington's coming was also significant in our family history. We had just moved into our new home, and he came on the anniversary of the burning of the old house, five years to a day before. His coming crossed a bridge into a new family joy, for shortly before a little fairy

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sister had taken her Heavenly flight. What a benediction the advent of the new baby was! How often, on cold evenings during the long winter which followed, the whole family would gather "far ben" around the sitting room fire, watching the ceremony of undressing the jolly, rollicking baby. That open fire made the frame for countless pictures in those early years. In the lamplight before the fire, after their early supper, Huntington and his brother had their story hour.

When Huntington was about two years old an incident occurred which showed that the child was father to the man. We were driving in Lincoln Park, and got out of the carriage to climb "the mountain." "The mountain" was merely an artificial mound of earth,—of anything but mountainous proportions—but was a toilsome climb for the little boy, and he felt the exhilaration of the achievement. When the summit was reached and he turned to go down, not realizing the law of gravitation, he slipped his hand from his nurse's grasp, and after a few hurried steps, plunged forward. He was picked up and consoled, and was being lifted into the carriage when he struggled himself free and insisted upon climbing the hill, saying: "Do it again." This he did, and deliberately walked down with all the dignity of a man of experience. This combination of spontaneity and poise belonged to him always.

One morning, not being asleep when left alone for his nap, he found a pair of scissors and clipped his hair jaggedly on one side of his head, the result being that his whole head had to be shaved by the

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barber. As it was winter, he had to wear one of his mother's lace caps for many days. A funny little spectacle he presented, but he held himself in hand with debonnaire indifference, and the rest of us were not supposed to see any change in his looks. As he grew older the spirit of adventure broke out in such startling escapades that Mama and I began to call them the "Labors of Hercules." On one occasion, eluding the watchfulness of his nurse, he put beans in his ears, and good Doctor Holmes had to come and put him to sleep to take them out. Shortly after, his aunt Alice, watching from the window of her house next door, saw Huntington walking around the gutter on the roof of our house, with his cousin Luther following. They had emerged from one of the third story windows, and only by careful strategy were they brought back like doves into the Ark.

Perhaps the most terrifying of these escapades was in Colorado when we were picnicking in a region where mining prospectors had sunk several shafts. We were returning to our mountain wagon. Huntington was unaccountably found missing. We called and halloed but in vain. The party was at once divided into scouts, each going in a different direction, to round up at a certain point. He was an athletic seven-year-old, and his fleet feet had taken him quite a distance on what he supposed was a short cut to the wagon. When, later, we asked: "Huntington, did you not hear us hallo?" "Yes," he quietly answered. "Then why did you not answer?" "Because I thought you might think I was a mountain lion."

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Another of the "Labors of Hercules" occurred several years later. We were in the midst of a house-cleaning episode, and a large dress box had been left open. Huntington coming into the room was interested, and at once climbed in. He shut the cover down. It was fastened by a spring lock. Realizing his situation, he resolved not to call or kick until he should hear footsteps, knowing that he would thus use up his strength, and also exhaust the air, which he already found hard to breathe. He wondered how long it would be until he should cease to hear the hall clock tick. He unbuttoned his collar and shirt, and squeezed his little pen knife under the lid in the effort to get more air. Then he heard someone coming. His voice and feet attracted the startled maid's attention; her cry brought us to the scene. When the box was opened, Huntington was propped on his elbow, wet with perspiration and utterly exhausted.

In 1884, and 1885, we had a beautiful year abroad, and Huntington spent his eighth birthday on the voyage over. Being a favorite passenger, the Captain planned for him a festive cake, but the motion of the ship interfered with the comfort of the chief celebrant, who had to beat a hasty retreat. He soon returned, however, with a smiling face as if nothing had happened. During this year he and his brother were under the tuition of Fräulein Stöcklein, who taught them their three R's as well as German and French.

After returning to Chicago, his regular school days began. The weeks and months of those



"HUNTINGTON AT NINE YEARS"



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eight years brought him warm friendships with schoolmates and teachers, school-boy fun, and normal school-boy ambitions. The summers were spent by the sea. He was an enthusiastic swimmer and bicycle rider, and loved the out-of-doors with ardor.

After the Christmas of 1893, the Chicago home was closed for a year, when we went to Egypt, and Huntington went to Brooklyn, making his home with his sister, and finishing his preparation for college at the Adelphi Academy. The circle of new associations made this year a delightful experience.

Then came the four years in Amherst College. Huntington enjoyed them to the full; the beautiful New England town, the congenial occupations of his course, the excursions into the hill country, and the social opportunities of college and fraternity life. While not a brilliant student his standing was high. His work was made beautiful to himself and to others by his enthusiasms; a professor, over whose personality he glowed, a subject whose development made all the world luminous, an author whose gift made writing seem done in gold, a classmate who filled the boy's heart with joy. On his serious side, the days at Amherst marked the usual transition from youth to manhood. As he began to measure himself with men of his own age, he doubtless realized his capacity for leadership, and in order to exercise it wisely he seemed to have formed definite plans to understand men better. To this end he studied the different types of character about him, and planned to take a graduate year in sociology at

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Harvard. As an example of this bent, I remember, when someone laid before him a perplexing problem, he asked: "Well, what were *you* planning to do about it?" thus bringing from the one in doubt his best thought and judgment, and perhaps helping him, by his sympathetic listening, to a better solution of the difficulty than could have been obtained in any other way.

The name which he won for himself among his fellow students early in his college career was "Judge." I asked his chum how this came about. He answered: "If a fellow would talk things over with Hunt, he would straighten it out, no matter how strange or how new the experience might be to him." It was his sympathetic understanding of others that constituted the chief element in his power. His friends confided in him. As an instance of this, one of the wealthy fraternity men whose ignorance of the value of money got him into trouble, made Huntington his banker, placing his home checks in his keeping.

It was impossible for Huntington not to have some measure of consciousness of this power, but his innate modesty kept it in the background. I remember, during one of his later college vacations, hearing him say: "I should like to be one of three things some day—the head of a large city newspaper; the manager of a large city hotel; or the president of a railroad system." As a family we realized that this youngest brother of ours was our virtual leader.

It was characteristic of Huntington that when the Government call came, in May of 1898, for

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men to assist in the emancipation of Cuba from Spanish misrule, he should respond at once, and enlist in the 4th U. S. Cavalry in New York City. This was in spite of his father's wish to aid him in getting a position as an officer among the volunteers. He was attracted to the opportunity offered of knowing men on the common, human level, and this, as his letters will show, was accomplished. In his own words will follow the account of his enlistment, and his experience as a trooper, taking him to the Philippines and home by way of India.

Upon his return to Chicago he attended the law school of Northwestern University. He worked hard at his studies, but they did not kindle his enthusiasm, and when the year was over he left the law and went into business. He entered his father's manufacturing business. From the first heavy responsibilities rested upon his shoulders, and, as often happens in old and well-established business concerns, the infusion of new blood was needed. The work was not easy, and demanded insight, vision, tact, all of which Huntington possessed. Into this enterprise he threw all his energy, and showed himself to be a strong man—alert, resourceful and capable.

But business was not his whole concern. If the riches of a man's life depend upon the nature and number of its interests, his life was rich. He touched the world around him at many points. Next to his family and his business his chief interest was the Church. He had come into the Christian life as naturally as a flower opens to the

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sun, and took his place in the ranks of Christian workers as a matter of choice. He was especially interested in a class of boys, and the group which he gathered around him showed a warm response to his strong personality. He was not only teacher, but "guide, philosopher, and friend", joining in their sports, and camping with them in summer days. The influence that he exerted upon the group is difficult to measure.

Of his relation to his own family one can only hint. Among his many gifts, the greatest perhaps was his gift of loving. His presence in the family was heart-satisfying.

When the verdict came from a group of doctors that he was in the grip of a deadly malady, he was the least perturbed among us. For five long months he lay without a murmur coming from his lips, his temperature steadily rising. The devotion of his family and his circle of near friends was a unit, but that of his brother next in age, was romantic. Toward the last his physician said: "Huntington, I have never seen such bravery!" He looked up into his brother's face, and said simply: "I have had Charley."

This further quotation by Benson of his brother Hugh's death applies absolutely to Huntington.

"Courage was never more entirely exemplified than by the way in which he died. His demeanor was not subdued or submissive. He did not seem to be asking for courage to face the last change. He was more like the happy warrior

'attired

With sudden brightness as a man inspired.'

E. Huntington Blatchford

He did not lose control of himself, nor was he carried helplessly down the stream. He was rather engaged in a conflict which was not a losing one. When death came upon him unmistakably, there was no touch of self pity or impressiveness. He had just to die, and he devoted his swift energies to it as he had done to living. I never saw him so splendid and noble as he was at that last awful moment. Life did not ebb away, but he seemed to fling it from him, so that it was not as the death of a weary man sinking to rest, but like the eager transit of the soldier to another part of the field."

FRANCES MAY BLATCHFORD.

A Trooper's Diary

Relating to the Spanish-American War

Reprinted by permission from "The Outlook," with a few additions.

Cooper Union, New York City, May 24, 1898.

YOU will be surprised, I know, to hear from me from this part of the world, and still more at the subject of this letter. You know that I share your own interest in the present war, and the question has come to me, What is my part to be in this movement? [I have an opportunity now to be of use, primarily to my country, in a cause I believe to be sound. I am now in a peculiarly free condition, having completed my college work and having not yet entered upon what will be my life-work. No one is dependent on me, aside from those strong ties of love that unite us as a family. I am of the right age and strong—plenty strong. The experience of a year or eighteen months in the army would be one of real value to me. The strict drill and discipline would strengthen me mentally, and I am certain of a good physical growth and solidifying. The contact with men on a fundamental and simple basis would teach me something of others and of myself.]

Around Amherst I was able to get hold of no good chance to join the volunteers, so my thoughts turned to the regular army and to the cavalry.

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Lieutenant W—— gave as his advice that a man was better treated, better trained, and better cared for in sickness in the regular than in the volunteer forces. The officers are trained men, and while the discipline is harder, it is for the men's good. I think you can understand my leaning toward the cavalry. The knowledge of a horse and the hard training in managing one I should consider a real acquisition. In regard to the term of enlistment, the inclosed letter from Captain S—— shows that a man is practically free to leave the army as soon as the war is over; and, further, since then General Miles has issued an order that every man in the regular army shall be granted discharge upon application at cessation of hostilities. So the three-year term of enlistment is no more of an obstacle than the two-year term in the volunteers for all practical purposes. I wrote to Major B—— for information about the different regiments, and I inclose his reply. His suggestion about second-lieutenants I do not favor. Even if I could get the political "pull" necessary, I should not be willing to go in over other men, very likely more fitted for the place, on political grounds. The principle is bad, and I see no reason why in my case it would not be bad. I came down to New York to find out whether I could go if I wanted to. After some maneuvering I succeeded in getting them at the recruiting office to give me a special preliminary examination, which includes everything except the physician's exam. In my measurements and strength I was first-class, and can go

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into whatever branch of the service I want. I fear no difficulty from the doctor's exam. They file the results of this exam., so I shall not have to repeat it if I enlist.

Now you have before you most of the data of my problem. If I go now I could be practically sure of getting my diploma. I feel quite ready to do away, as far as I am concerned, with the joys of Commencement. I would not miss the feathers and fuss.

The question is still open, as I have not burned any bridges behind me. Don't understand that I think the only way I can do my duty to my country is by enlisting. It only seems to me that there is no good reason why I should not enlist, and that there are many incidental advantages in enlisting. This is more than a request for permission to enlist; it is a request for your advice. I shall not act until I hear from you. If you have anything special for or against, please wire me.

HUNTINGTON.

[The answer he received was briefly as follows: "With entire confidence, we leave the decision with yourself." When this word reached him, he decided to enlist.]

P. O. Station P, New York, May 31.

I passed all my exams. "excellent." I only wait now to be "sworn in," and then at four we leave for Fort Slocum. We of the mounted service go up to Fort Slocum. I don't know where the infantry go.

E. Huntington Blatchford

Fort Slocum, June 1.

This fort is on David's Island, in Long Island Sound, just off New Rochelle. We came up last night from the recruiting office, eight of us in all. We got here a little past seven, had our supper, and were glad to turn in, after drawing our blankets, at 9:30. This morning we were out by 5:30, and through breakfast by six. I slept very nicely, although it was rather strange and new, and the cot-bed a trifle unusual. We found here about a score of cavalry recruits, who have now left for San Francisco. We have not yet got our kit, but have been measured and will probably get our outfits this morning. Inside of two days we shall be sent away. I shall apply for the Sixth Cavalry, which I hear is the best thing. Perhaps I may see you shortly if we are shipped West. The camp or post here is attractive. The views are beautiful. The table board is good, though a trifle crude—bowls of coffee, clear, but sweetened, good white bread, and corned beef in all forms, plus cabbage. They do not drill or keep the cavalry here, as it is an artillery post. There is a nice, clean-cut Englishman with whom I have been quite a little. His name is Knapp and he has been in the Rhodesian Horse, in South Africa. I like the fellow, though he is a wandering globe-trotter. I have not told you of sweeping out barracks, and the job I have for this noon of cutting bread—forty loaves—but the work is too easy. I wish we could begin drill here, where it is so beautiful and cool.

E. Huntington Blatchford

Later.

We have received our outfit—uniform, kit, etc.—and tomorrow morning we start for San Francisco.

[In passing through Chicago, our soldier was allowed five hours' parole to visit his family.]

Chicago and Northwestern Railway, June 4.

We had a most comfortable night. The rations ("a" as in "and") we supplemented by a ham sandwich this A. M., also the delicious fruit father sent. The men appreciated it. The little Third Avenue bartender said, "Say, dat cove must 'a' taut a lot on us fellers to blow us to grub like dat, see!"

Along the way we have been treated to no end of good wishes and good advice. A California Presbyterian G.A.R. had a long talk with me, and told me all manner of things for a young man to do and not to do.

Later.

We have finished our dinner, very good—tomatoes, beans, beef and hardtack. Will mail this at Omaha.

Union Pacific Railroad, just past summit of the Rocky Mountains, June 5.

Yesterday P. M. after leaving Omaha we came through a wild storm, but to-day is perfect. I find the people on the train interesting.

Our little Bowery bartender is sad. His small world has been too much stretched, and his stock of oaths and New York keenness does not seem to comfort him. How many worlds there

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are! Each man has his own—fitting his own pattern—from the child's bounded by his mother, to the great man's bounded by humanity.

The Presidio of San Francisco,
Troop E, Fourth Cavalry, June 7.

Arrived on time, safely. Troop C full, but G—— says E was “all right.” He will hand over Captain W——’s letter to our Captain. We are in tents and eat around camp-fire. Captain G—— said, “You will go to Manila.” That means in ten days to two weeks, probably.

June 8.

I am more than satisfied with Troop E. The general feeling here is that it's the best troop in camp—good officers and clever men. We have had two drills to-day of an hour each. It was satisfactory, and I found my stock of drill very handy. We were welcomed at the wharf by the Red Cross ladies, who had a nice lunch for us. They have a room down there, and treat all soldiers. The cable lines out here take soldiers free. The papers give us free copies, and the town generally seems very fond of the military, in spite of their numbers. Yesterday we saw the Monterey from the ferry, and again when she passed out of the harbor. The views have not been very good, as it has been raining, or rather “foggy,” as they say out here; the “fog” being a fine rain. Our camp life, out in the open, is very nice. The food is good, and eating out-of-doors I like better than barracks. I bought last night a Waterbury watch and a compass.



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June 9.

To-day has gone very much like yesterday—drill, eating, etc. We changed tents, taking down the large round one, in which twelve of us had been living, for small ones holding four. We are very comfortably situated. Knapp, the Englishman, and two other fellows are with me. The weather does not improve, but we look for a change to-morrow.

June 11.

The life here has gone on swimmingly. The Troop, E, is full, with an odd fifty-five old troopers and forty-five recruits. There are about sixty horses, which since yesterday we have been taking care of, watering and currycombing morning and night, and feeding. Yesterday we had mounted drill. The horses had nothing but watering-bridles on, and you can think that we were glad to take our suppers off the mantelpiece. We have had all bareback riding, but there is hope that we may get blankets before long. I have managed to sit my various horses so far, though not altogether without discomfort. We have to sit the trot like so many statues. I think J— would be amused to see me groom the horse; there were some recruits who did worse. The enclosed tintype is not good, but it will give you a little idea of us. The third man is a fellow in our tent, a quiet, somber youth, but for these very reasons an admirable man to have about the house. The picture was taken last night at the "Chutes," to which the soldiers are admitted free.

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June 12.

Quiet Sunday. Went to church at the First Congregational. We had only one horse-grooming, in honor of the day. Excuse haste, but it is almost dark, and I am lying sprawled out in the tent.

June 14.

Yesterday and to-day have been full, and I have been thoroughly tired and sleepy at night-time, which must account for lack of writing. The work I like, and think I am getting into it in good shape. The riding is all bareback, and I like that, too. I am getting very much tanned, and am splendidly well.

June 19.

I have not been able to write you the last few days. The drill has been increased, as our carbines have come. On Friday we had our first mounted drill; it was a great relief. Now we have mounted drill once a day, dismounted twice, and carbine once. To this will be added saber practice in a day or two. Yesterday was weekly "inspection," and, as we have had our kit served out to us, it took us no little time to rub and polish our equipment into shape. There is some talk of our going this week, but I doubt if we are off before July.

June 20.

I reproach myself for not making my life here more clear to you. If I ramble on in a disconnected sort of way, please to think that I am trying to gather up some of the details that make up our living. Yesterday, Sunday, we got up, as

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usual, at six, and fed and groomed the horses. There are about sixty-five horses in the troop of one hundred, so that all of us forty recruits have horses assigned to us, *i.e.*, we have half-ownership with some old man. My horse's name is Buster, and he is a peach—rather old, but he can go, has an easy trot, good walk, and hard gallop, knows the drill like a book, and is gentle as a kitten (when you treat him right). The horses in the Troop are all bays—fine sleek bays—and they are cared for in the best fashion. Our breakfast and grooming were all done by seven. The breakfasts I like least; they are generally stews and dry bread and coffee. The stews are inclined to be a trifle greasy. Do not understand that I eschew them! I eat my three meals per diem entire; only, from an æsthetic point of view, the breakfast is the least lovely of the lot. Dinners are generally good—baked potatoes, bread and coffee, as before, and some meat and gravy. Suppers are variable. Generally we get fried pork and heavy gravy. It's not bad.

Yesterday Knapp and I applied for a "pass" from twelve noon to twelve midnight. This was granted, and we turned to for our morning. The horses were watered and let out to pasture, the camp and our tents were picked up and put to rights, and then the formal work of the day was over. We washed up, shaved, brushed heads, teeth, shoes, and clothes. I wrote a letter or two, and then had an hour and a half sleep before dinner at 11:45. Corned beef and cabbage was the menu—thought to be very delicious. We started

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out a little after one, and took our free cars down to the docks, where we wanted to see some British seamen's apprentices we had met two days before. Their sailing packet, however, was too far out in the stream, and so we missed them. We went over a boat or two and looked at a couple of transports, which will probably leave this week, but without us on board.

We took a horse, cable, and electric line out to the Sutro Baths—famous in song and story. I enjoyed a good swim in the warmed salt water, while Knapp looked on from above. We have been in the bay right off the Presidio a number of times, but the water is very cold, and precious little of it goes a long way. After the bath we wandered about the Cliff House, out on the grand black rocks, the spray breaking in clouds. We wended our way back to town, got a nice little dinner at a dairy restaurant, and went to the First Church.

I met Knapp after the service, and we were quite tired and sleepy enough to go home and get to sleep shortly after ten, thus losing two hours of our precious "pass." We sleep on the ground with a coating of straw, a rubber blanket, and a woollen blanket under us. It is right comfortable, and I find in the morning that I have not moved all night. We have a good deal of "misty" weather, specially in the evening and early morning, but the hillside where we tent is dry enough, the ground being hard and drying off the minute the rain stops. I am writing this between two and three in the P. M. We have just finished carbine

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drill of an hour, and have nothing to do until "Stables" at 4:20, when we go out, catch the horses, ride them bareback down to water, feed and groom them, dine ourselves, and get fixed up—all by six o'clock.

June 21.

Captain W——'s troop "G" has come into camp, and is located behind us. It makes quite a showing on the hillside. One small disadvantage is that the whole two hundred of us have to wash at one hydrant; it is just a trifle crowded. . . .

Mrs. L——'s suggestion about netting and hammocks is good, but not quite practicable. If the latter are desirable, the Government will provide them, as has been done with the Cuban army. The burden of a large kit is very great, as it all takes so much time and care in addition to the actual lifting. . . .

June 23.

Wednesday you did not hear from me because I was "out at dinner." Some nice people, Mr. and Mrs. F——, middle-aged and very kindly, asked us to take supper with them. Eight of us went, and we had a very pleasant evening. The F——s have been out to camp several times; in fact, that is the way we got acquainted. They have brought the crowd fruit and papers and a cup of jelly. They are people of moderate means who live in a tiny little flat. Their dining-room was just full with ten, and Mrs. F—— had hardly room to move in and out to bring in her supper.

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Santa Rosa, June 26.

Knapp, unfortunately, could not accompany me on my thirty-six hours' leave of absence. He reported on the sick-list yesterday, and went down to the hospital. They kept him there, and declared he had the mumps. They would not let me see him when I went to take him some things he needed. It is rather trying, but I imagine that he will not be shut up for more than three or four days. I may come down with the same disease, but I doubt it, as I have given no sign so far. In any case it is no matter for tears!

✓ Yesterday came the Spanish Testament. Thank you for it. I am looking up a good instruction book.

The Presidio of San Francisco, June 27.

Such a bunch of mail as I found here on my return last night! I did not read them, as I had no light, but wakened before reveille this A.M. My friends are more than good. The four transports sailed past us to-day, amid much whistling and cannon-booming.

June 29.

✓ The time I have for reading is very small. I have not yet begun on the Spanish Testament. I am looking forward to talking the language.

June 30.

It is very warm here in the middle of the day, but the nights are cool. The Major inspected us this morning, and we signed the pay-roll, which means that we get paid off some time within the next thirty days. The word from Knapp in the

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hospital is good; mumps progressing favorably. The doctor told me he would probably be out this week.

July 1.

We had an addition to our mounted drill to-day in the shape of hurdle-jumping—plain first, then with crossed stirrups, reins on neck, and arms folded. It was exciting, and really good fun. I think I would like hunting. It is very warm.

July 3.

It is the evening hour between supper and "retreat." After that event I am going down town to church. This morning I had "mounted pass," and, with another fellow, H——, had a beautiful ride in the Golden Gate Park. We had to be back at ten to be vaccinated. Yesterday afternoon from twelve to five we had target practice. The distances were 200, 300, and 350 yards. We had five rounds at each distance, standing, sitting, kneeling, and lying down. I did not do very well, but I was satisfied, as it was the first time, and "there were others." The gun has a very short, sharp report, and a remarkably small recoil. To-day Knapp came out of the hospital, and I think he is going to be all right. It is very nice to have him back.

What do you think of a kodak camera? I ✓ could make use of it here, and also on the ship and in Manila. The pictures I would send back to you by post, to be developed and printed. I could not get down town yesterday afternoon to get my Spanish grammar outfit. I will as soon as I can get off by daylight.

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To-morrow is the glorious Fourth. I am on guard from 8:30 till 8:30 Tuesday morning, so it may be the 5th before I can write again. I will tell you how I like walking post. I think I am just about acclimated. I am feeling splendidly.

July 5.

Still too sleepy from my guard to write. I'll try to put more meat in to-morrow's.

July 6.

To-night I shall telegraph you of our probable sailing for Manila on next Monday, via the Peru, or possibly the Pueblo. This information is correct, as I got it this afternoon from Major Kellogg, who sent for me. He will be in command of the expedition. To-day I have been on "herd guard." It was beautiful. I rode my good Buster out on the hills back of our camp overlooking the beautiful bay. The day was overcast and rather cold, but it was not uncomfortable. There is good time on "post" and "grazing" guard to think, and I have thoroughly enjoyed it. My "post-guard" was on our picket-line, looking out for the horses. While I was on my two night watches, eight of the horses got loose. It kept me amused catching them. The grazing guard is four mounted men, herding the fifty horses. The beasts herd well, so that I got several naps under the sage-brush.

HUNTINGTON.

July 14, 1898.

As we marched out of the Presidio grounds the companies we left lined up and gave three cheers for each troop as it passed. To a man I

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believe they wished themselves in our places. Along the line of march the people gathered and cheered and waved flags and cried. There was not the demonstration that was shown when the California volunteers left, but then they were 'Frisco's own boys, and we were regulars. The fellows looked very business-like. No flowers or decorations of any kind were allowed, and we marched in column-of-four and platoon formation, and rather smartly, we fancied. At the Pacific Mail dock we found Mr. and Mrs. F—— to wish us good-by. We were on board and had our lunch by one o'clock. There was a mixture of emotions as we were introduced to our bunks. It was not as bad below decks as it might have been; in fact, it was pretty good, although rather crowded. The bunks are three deep, and measure five feet nine inches by twenty-three inches, and there is a twenty-three-inch air-space over each bunk. There is an aisle between every two rows, so that every man can get in directly, without climbing over his neighbor. Most of the passages are about two feet wide. We of E have the widest, being right in the middle of the ship forward. The bunks themselves are comfortable, being fitted with woven-wire springs and straw-filled pillow and mattress. Knapp and I have two top-story bunks next each other and quite near an incandescent light, so that we can read and write—when the light is on. The civilians were ordered ashore at about three-thirty. The wharf was crowded with the friends of the men. Sweethearts, permanent and temporary, waved

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handkerchiefs and threw kisses and pushed and squeezed about in the excited crowd. The boat pulled out from the wharf at about four. The men crowded on decks and rigging cheered the people crowding the dock, and the cheer was returned and exchanged back and forth until the Peru had swung out into the stream. About three hundred yards from the dock we came to anchor by our consort, the City of Puebla, and here we wait until to-morrow noon.

July 15.

The day is beautiful. All the morning tugs and rowboats and launches have been steaming around the two transports. The small boats are crowded ✓ with Red Cross ladies and friends of the soldiers, who bring fruit and flowers and pelt the men on the decks with oranges. The attention is uproariously appreciated, and Indian yells and cat-calls and all manner of cheers are given for the "ladies of the ✓ Red Cross." The Fifty-first Iowa band came out in one of the boats, and aroused great enthusiasm. The "Examiner" sent out a lot of free papers that brought the news of Santiago's surrender. There was hardly time to read the news, as the crowd kept pushing from side to side of the boat struggling for a sight of the visiting boats or a stray orange. At one minute of four the anchor was raised, the whistles blew, and the bombs were discharged, and we were made to feel that, for the time being, we, the Fourth Expedition, were the center of interest. As we moved on through the Golden Gate the noise of the city died away and the ocean swell grew noticeable. Half an

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hour more and the mirth and joy of life were gone for most of us, and few were the brethren that gathered at 5:30 for salt pork and coffee.

July 16.

The ship's company woke up feeling much better. The large majority of the men felt hungry, and though they were a trifle "shaky on their pins," still they were so much better than last night that they looked with scorn on the weak ones who kept their berths. From all accounts this morning no one had been seasick. At least I have not found a man yet (with two exceptions, Jim, my next door neighbor, and myself) who will not stoutly affirm that *he* was not sick. And so I am forced to conclude that the long sad line along the ship's side last evening, and the unhappy sounds that punctuated the night watches below, were all a bad dream. Breakfast was very much helped by some "malted milk" which was served out to the weak-kneed brethren by the doctor's orders. It was very refreshing, and strengthened us to tackle the bacon and sugarless coffee. The boat is running easily, rolling and pitching—not badly. The City of Puebla, our "concert," as they say, has been in sight all day. Once we stopped for a few minutes and our sister transport forged ahead, only to drop respectfully in the rear when our engines started again. Towards six o'clock she was so near that we could hear the cheers of the men aboard her. The sea has treated our "non-coms" (non-commissioned officers) unkindly. I asked our quartermaster sergeant, in all innocence of heart, if he had had

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his supper yet. "No, and I never want it," with a sigh. "Long Bill," my erstwhile tent-mate, has found a sure cure for seasickness. He says: "Just lie in your bunk and never go on deck and you'll be all right." We have passed one ship, a three-masted bark, with all sails set; she was making for 'Frisco. There was loud cheering from the Peru when she dipped her "Stars and Stripes." The gaming spirit has come back with the return of appetite, and at least two games have been running pretty steadily below decks. The remnants of pay that escaped the 'Frisco dives are changing hands, and will to a large extent find their way into a comparatively few pockets. It is well for the Regular that payday comes but once a month. We were paid last Thursday, and before night fully ten per cent. of the troops "went broke," and before we went on board ship on Thursday I think I am safe in saying that the majority of the men were penniless. The men, being sure of their "keep" for the next month, feel that they can throw away their money as they like.

Sunday, July 17.

The food question is much discussed by the men, and there is dissatisfaction with the fare. The report is that the food is supplied by contract, and that some shrewd contractor is making a big "rake-off." As far as I can see, there are two causes for the dissatisfaction: one, the condition of the men—just recovering from seasickness; and the other, the poor way in which the food is prepared and served, and the wretched quality of

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the coffee. All the enlisted men on board—some nine hundred—are fed from a galley perhaps six by sixteen feet. In this little cage three very dirty colored cooks labor day and night, with the result that everybody gets *something*, if he wishes it, three times a day. The food is all served from the galley, and it takes over two hours for all the men to file past and get their “chuck.” Men are detailed to help in serving and washing up. Our menu to-day has been coffee and hardtack at all three meals, boiled corned beef and potatoes for breakfast and dinner, and beef stew, commonly known as “slum,” for supper. The food all tastes of the galley, and unless a man has a tremendous appetite or else eats as a religious duty, he is apt to go unfed. But I forget the illicit trade with the Steward & Co. After every officers’ mess there is a jam of “pie-eaters” around the doors of the saloon and the main galley. Everybody, apparently, from the head steward to the Chinese cook, is willing at the right moment to hand out a bowl full of scraps or a piece of plum pudding or a hunk of bread and butter in return for a piece of silver. I don’t know how far this trade is winked at by the officers, but it seems to me altogether bad, as it results in the men’s being made still more dissatisfied with their regular fare. We have a delightful, bustling little doctor whose fund of enthusiasm and talk and none but impracticable ideas is never failing. When he discovers something to do, he cackles and crows over it like a hen rejoicing at a new egg. To-day his eyes lighted on a bale of very sorry-looking cabbages

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that had lain by our bunks since we started and had grown unpleasant to smell. He ordered them thrown overboard at once, but on second thought asked to what troop they belonged, and had word sent to the commander that he must eat or destroy said cabbages before sun-down. It ended by the crates being broken open and the cabbages eagerly eaten by the men. Another idea that filled the young doctor's head was of having the men eat below decks in the one aisle that was not more than two feet wide. Upon this point he asked the advice of some other officers. They thought better not, and so our one air-space was saved to us, and we still eat on deck in the open. But you can't help liking the little man, he is so earnest.

The only special reminders we have had of the day have been the shaving operations that have gone forward on deck, the numerous and prolonged gambling games, and the music from the officers' saloon. To the piano accompaniment several lusty official throats have rendered "Life on the Ocean Wave," "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," etc. I am "supernumerary" at guard-mount, which means that I am liable for guard duty if any of the men are taken sick; and to-morrow I go on guard regularly. At supper I was near our genial and profane saddler, Jones. He presented me a slice of cheese and half a raw onion which he had procured in some dark and devious way.

July 18.

This has been a day of surprises. The first thing was the announcement that every organization on board would have a half-hour's drill.

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Two troops at a time, we came on deck for "set-up" drill. The exercise did the men good, and, I think, will do much to keep them fit. Then the water question has been fairly met, and, after due deliberation, we have been allowed to take the water and cool it in our canteens and keep it for drinking. Heretofore there has been a guard stationed over the one fresh-water hydrant we had access to, and the instructions have been that no water could be taken from the premises. All day, and well into the evening, a line of thirsty men has been crowding before the water-tank. But the unpleasant thing is that the water is blood-hot as it comes from the tank; in fact, it is just too warm for a man with an unsteady stomach to partake of. Now a man can fill his canteen, cool the water, and drink it at his leisure. For this change we have our doctor to thank. Another innovation is the bathing apparatus rigged up on deck. Six-foot-square canvas tanks have been suspended from the stanchions above the promenadadeck, and filled with sea-water. Here, in the warm afternoon, the "regular" ducks and splashes to heart's desire. On the main deck there are four shower-baths—two forward and two aft—which, with the "sea-water tin-basin outfit," completes our washing appliances. There is surely no excuse for the unwashed.

I went on guard at three in the afternoon. A very compressed guard-mount took place on the starboard promenadadeck. There are eight posts on the boat, and the sentinel's duties are

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principally to keep passageways open, and to prevent wasting of water, and smoking below decks.

Every man has four turns on guard in the twenty-four hours—two hours on and four hours off. The guard is divided into three “reliefs,” and each man on guard is known by the number of his “relief.” I was No. 1, second “relief.” No. 1 has charge of the guard-house, so yesterday I was burdened by guarding two prisoners, who were kept in *strict* confinement, being obliged to show up at least once a day, and oftener if desired. The theory of the sergeant of the guard was that they couldn’t get away, even if they wanted to. Six temporary bunks have been put in on either side of the hallway, and the four men whom these bunks do not accommodate sleep on the floor. I found my main business was saluting officers going and coming from mess, and, in the early morning, going and coming from the bath in pajamas and slippers.

July 19.

This afternoon the City of Puebla sailed very close to us, and rumor said that there had been trouble on board; the men, being much dissatisfied with the food, had threatened the officers, and several of the ringleaders had been lodged in irons. It is merely a rumor, and we shall not know its foundation till we reach the islands. It came home vividly to our men, as there has been a great deal of talk about the food here. To the popular mind color was lent to the rumor by the fact that after a breakfast of salt pork and a dinner of “salt horse” (canned corned beef) we

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had good "slum" and *tea* for supper. The men were much pleased, and the wise heads said the officers had taken warning by the Puebla's experience.

July 20.

The day after the "old guard" go off duty they are put on "fatigue," so "old guard fatigue" was the order of the day for me. The work was cleaning the wash sinks and polishing the tin wash-basins and scrubbing out the "guard-house." One felt himself a wheel in the machine that cleans this ship and makes it habitable.

This morning some commissary supplies were opened up on the forward deck and sold to the men. There was a great rush to get some of the delicacies the men have been pining for. Canned fruit, jelly, condensed milk, lime-juice, cigars, cranberry sauce, were the principal commodities dealt in. Quite as many went away unable to purchase as got the chance to "blow themselves." Knapp and I got two cans of peaches; one we will have for supper and the other will be kept for to-morrow.

July 21.

You have received the last photographs from me, I fear, as I find to-day that some brother has appropriated my camera. I shall make what effort I can to recover it, but I am not hopeful of success. I can only wish that the lens will crack the first time he uses it. I discovered my loss when I was looking for the kodak to snap a view of one of our afternoon deck swimming parties. It would have amused you. We are required

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to take one official bath per diem either in the deck tanks or a "shower." Last night we slept on deck. It was cool, hard, and refreshing. The China boys drove us below when they came at five to wash down the deck. The wind has freshened yesterday and to-day, and the ship has a steady long roll. In spite of the wind, the weather is increasingly warm. We have had light underwear served out to us, also flannel abdominal belts constructed and presented to the men by the California Red Cross Society. The food has changed decidedly for the better. The tea for supper continues, and we have had soup for dinner twice. The complaints are fewer in consequence. It is reported that we will probably meet the mail boat *Mariposa* to-morrow. I have written a letter, as there is a chance for sending mail. I doubt, however, if it reaches you before this diary, sent from Honolulu.

July 23.

The day began early for Knapp and me. When we were awakened at 4:30 by the genial China boy's foot to clear the deck for scrubbing, we found that there was an excited crowd on the forecastle head watching bright lights that showed off our starboard bow. Gradually the growing lights showed the jagged outline of the island mountains capped by low-hanging clouds. There was no more sleep for us. We, the whole "outfit," men and officers, hung on the sight of land, and watched the lovely Honolulu Harbor open and spread its arms around us. The pilot, rowed out by swarthy Kanakas, brought us through the

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narrow channel to the Pacific Mail dock. The native boys were swimming on both sides of the boat as we steamed in, diving for coins in the clear water. On the wharf was a good-sized crowd of men and women dressed in white. This crowd rapidly increased as the boom of the Mohican's guns told the city that the expedition had arrived. The fellows crowding the decks and rigging sent up an eager cheer, and shouts of "Where's the pie-wagon?" and "Give us some fruit!" were answered by the waving of American flags, large and small. The enthusiasm on both sides found expression when the Government band came down awheel and struck up "Hail Columbia," plus a medley of National airs. A good many of the ship's company who had conversed only in monosyllables for the last eight days found a lump rising in their throats. The generous crowd on shore began pelting the ship with bananas and pineapples. The men were more than hungry for the fruit, and showed more greed than manners in their wish for the "free lunch." Breakfast was neglected, the sight of people, men, women, and children, walking and talking on steady ground being altogether too diverting. To my great surprise, I was called to the ship's side to see a lady and gentleman who were asking for me. Mr. and Mrs. P—— introduced themselves, saying that they wanted to welcome me to their home just as soon as I could get "shore leave." It was delightful, this personal welcome to Hawaii. At about ten o'clock half the men (including Troop E) were

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marched off for a sea bath. The white macadam roads and the tall and short palms and the Kanaka ladies and gentlemen rocked and swayed a good deal to our eyes, but, notwithstanding this, we managed our half-mile walk to a club boat-house. It took about three minutes for the crowd to strip and find itself in the delicious cool water. We were marched back to the ship by a longer circuit, taking in a view of the Government buildings and Nuuanu Avenue. After the dinner study was how to get ashore. Many of the soldiers managed it, going and returning via bow and stern ropes; of these a number were caught and court-martialed, or put on fatigue work "till further orders." No shore passes have been issued to-day.

Sunday, July 24.

Yesterday invitations were distributed to the services of the Central Union Church and to the Y. M. C. A. Building. The people have been very kind and generous thus far in their hospitality, though there has not been a great demonstration of enthusiasm. I suppose they are waiting for the "flag-raising."

Our bath came at two o'clock, and yesterday's enjoyment was repeated. A fellow from the Puebla was around to-day and told us of their troubles on the voyage. It seems that the excitement did reach its climax the day the ship sailed so near to us, though the rumors we got were very much exaggerated. The men were pretty sore on the food question when the officers tried two meals per day instead of three. There

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was a great and general "kick" which had this much of success, that it brought back the three meals and somewhat improved food. The fellows say they didn't get enough to eat. They report one man fined ten dollars and put in guard for thirty days for stealing a loaf of bread. Of course this greatly excites the popular wrath. I was off for a walk in the town in the afternoon and again with Knapp in the evening. Shore leave has been granted to about half of the men from two to eight. Knapp got a special pass till twelve. We had our supper at a "two-bit" Chinese restaurant. It was bully! The profit the house made on the meal was small. We stopped in at the Young Men's Christian Association, where the tables were crowded with soldiers writing letters. The Association is doing much for the men in giving them this opportunity to write home. Opposite the Young Men's Christian Association is the public library and reading-room. I found a file of the Springfield weekly "Republican" with full accounts of the Amherst Commencement. It was a treat, as you can think. The town itself is charming. The effect is altogether tropical, and the Japs and Chinese and Kanakas harmonize with the landscape. The houses are for the most part low and surrounded by charming gardens. In the poorer sections the second story projects over the sidewalk, and the light-hearted people hang over the railing and stare down into the street. The narrow-gauge tram-cars are pulled by horses or mules, and move along at a rate slow enough to allow the passengers

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to greet their friends through the open sides as the car jogs along. The American flag is everywhere. I could count on my fingers the Hawaiian flags I have seen. The stores, except the Chinese, are thoroughly American, the windows are full of American goods, and the boards and fences are covered with American advertisements.

HUNTINGTON.

Honolulu, Monday, July 25, 1898.

Our squad, number four, has shore leave to-day, and so, after our morning bath and frugal lunch, Knapp and I start out at one o'clock with the world before us. The first thing we do is to haggle with a Chinaman in the fish-market for a pineapple. Not much further on we stop again to buy some bananas and mangoes. It seems as if we couldn't get enough of this fruit, and the fact that I can write this shows that it has not yet killed us. We wandered on through the town out to the beautiful Nuuanu Avenue and on and up the Nuuanu Valley. As we go on the houses grow less frequent; we pass the cemetery, with its tall, dark trees and the melancholy atmosphere peculiar to a graveyard in the tropics. In a detour from the road we fall upon a guava grove, and I have my first introduction to the fruit. The rules for eating it I find to be, forget the first bite and then use your imagination powerfully, and you will be faintly reminded of guava jelly. But it doesn't begin to come up to the jelly. We got into conversation with a native farmer who was accompanied by two women. Their ini-

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tial timidity changed to interest and friendliness, and they asked us to come and see their farm. We walked on a narrow dike between the irrigated paddy fields, and, after crossing the stream on dangerously slippery stones and scrambling up a steep hill, we were on their plantation. It was truly primitive—a bush of this, a tree of that, a little clump of sugar-cane, two big beds of carnations, a bread-fruit tree, etc. They loaded us down with guavas and alligator-pears and cane. Knapp stayed to visit with them while I went to meet my dinner engagement. It was with something of a tingle of triumph that I found I could still use a napkin and drink from a real glass tumbler. The family seemed much interested in the conditions of life aboard the Peru, and were glad to find that the statements in an article of that morning's paper were somewhat overdrawn. I think the reporter was looking for passenger accommodations on a troop-ship, so he found the conditions wretchedly bad. Before I left, Mrs. J—— gave me a bottle of preserved tamarinds—for the construction of tamarind-water aboard ship—and a very cordial invitation to make their house my home as long as we stayed in Honolulu. I will see them all to-morrow at the "feast" to be given us by the good people of Honolulu in the grounds of the Executive Building (you are not allowed to say "Palace"). I was rather surprised to find that the Hotel Peru had moved and forced me to go hunting for my lodgings. At last I found the ship tethered to a coal-dock. As I was walking toward the gang-plank Knapp

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hailed me, and we both stretched out on the wharf with boots and blouses for pillow and the warm Hawaiian breeze for blanket. I can only hope that the rest of the hundreds of sleepers on the wharf got as good rest as we did.

Tuesday, July 26.

Our gala day was as beautiful as a perfect temperature and a perfect sky could make it. We all had "wedding garments" served out to us in the shape of white duck suits. To be sure, the small men looked like walking meal-sacks, and the larger ones like growing boys in their last year's clothes—still, the general effect was good. A little before noon we were marched in column of fours to the Executive Building grounds. There we were greeted by the National Band playing very familiar Sousa marches. But the music was forgotten in the sight of the long tables, generously loaded with food, that stretched out under a lightly constructed palm-leaf shelter. The ladies, in light summer dresses, were gathered to one side, while the soldiers filed in and sat down at the word of command. Then our hostesses came forward and served the feast, filling and re-filling the coffee-cups—coffee made with real milk—and scattering pie with lavish hand. The men ate heartily, thanks to a surplus sea appetite, and yet there was perfect order and decorum throughout the meal, and, as far as I know, there was no complaint of lack of courtesy. They said that the regulars were much less demonstrative than the earlier expeditions, but I know the

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men could not have been more pleased, and, besides, we get little official encouragement for hip-hip-hurrahs and three-times-three. After the spread was properly eaten up we wandered about the grounds talking with the ladies and gentlemen who "received." Mrs. Dole stood under a great spreading tree, and shook hands in a most cordial and gracious way with all who came to pay their respects to the President's wife. I doubt if anywhere a more democratic welcome has been given than we received—apparently no difference was made between officers and enlisted men; and when the regular army is entertained in that way, you may be sure there is an intentional disregard of social differences.

The Judge and Mrs. Judd invited us to come and stay with them if they could get official permission. Of course we were delighted to accept; and, wonder of wonders, permission was granted. Mrs. Judd like a true general went straight to Major Kellogg, who fell an easy victim and said if our troop commander had no objections, we might go. Lieutenant Elliot had no objections and said that we might stay until he sent us word. Think what that meant to us! It really seemed too good to be true. But there were the Major and the Troop Commander, and there, too, were Judge and Mrs. Judd and so there was nothing to do but make the best of it. We returned to the ship just long enough to leave our cartridge belts and secure our respective tooth brushes. All the rest of the men were allowed shore liberty after the feast until nine in the evening. We were glad of

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this as so we were not too isolated in our glory. We went home to the Judds. About ten we went to bed and were urged to sleep as late as we wished. We had two of the sons' rooms and were made to feel they were ours for the time. It certainly was a luxury to stretch out on a real bed, well protected by the all-covering mosquito netting.

Judge and Mrs. Judd had gone out to lunch to Oahu College. They had telephoned to President Hosmer, an Amherst man, and he had very kindly extended an invitation to Knapp and me. We had a warm welcome.

Wednesday, July 27.

The Judge had ordered three horses brought in for us to ride, and we were nothing if not eager to try them. The island horses—of which these were very good specimens—are rather smallish, but tough and wiry. Our steeds had been out at pasture for several months, and were shoeless and very fat from much grass-eating. Knapp and I both had very nice horses, spirited enough, and right fast. Our ride was up Tantalus, a mountain that overlooks the city and the harbor, and far out on the ocean. The view was fine, and the road, through the woods for the most part, was level enough to give good opportunity for a canter or a run. To be on horseback and to be free was luxury indeed. Another dream of a sleep finished this full and happy day.

This morning I was down at breakfast approximately on time, and was able to take part in prayers immediately thereafter. It was so home-

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like that I could shut my eyes and almost imagine it was Papa instead of the Judge that was leading.

Thursday, July 28.

An excursion a-horse had been planned for us to the Pali, about six miles away. We started with our lunch tied on our saddles, mounted on the same horses as yesterday. Our road lay straight up Nuuanu Valley to its highest point, which should be called Nuuanu Pass, but instead is called Pali, meaning the precipice. The road was generally too steep for fast riding, but we were constantly charmed by the backward glimpses of the city and harbor. As we got near the pass the ever-blowing wind freshened in our faces, and occasionally there would come a dash of rain. The wind became a perfect gale as we rounded the rock at the summit. Nothing could surpass the grandeur of the view that lay before us. We seemed to be looking down a perfectly sheer mountain-side; at our feet lay a broad, wooded, and cultivated tract stretching away to the blue, blue Pacific with its uneven coast-line. Here we could stand and see the ocean on both sides of this lovely Oahu Island, with the mountains on one side sloping down to the sea and traversed by rich valleys like the one we had come up, and on the other dropping off in almost perpendicular cliffs. It seemed to me a view worthy of ranking among the world's most famous. We went down the road on the other side about half a mile to a place where we found a little grass by the wayside for the horses. Here we encamped for lunch.

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This road is a splendid bit of engineering, in many places cut out of the rock; it winds along the mountain side with easy grade and graceful curves. It has just been completed, and I think the people have good reason to be proud of it.

Friday, July 29.

To-day we were to go to the museum, and so at the usual time the troop of three started. We found it full of interest. Its scope is confined to the islands of the Pacific, and in its field it has a very wonderful collection. Of course it is peculiarly rich in Hawaiian collections. We spent two hours most profitably under the guidance of the assistant curator—an intelligent Australian. Then we were off for the beautiful Moana Loa, where our objective point was the fresh-water swimming-tank. The bath is made in the shape of a Maltese cross—about five feet deep and twenty feet square. The bottom is of blue and white tiles, and around the sides are ferns and palms. It certainly is a little gem of its kind. Yesterday the transport *Pennsylvania* came in, and to-day they were feasted on the Executive Building grounds. The boat, I am afraid, is much overcrowded. It carries one Montana Volunteer Regiment, and three hundred recruits for the First Cavalry, making in all something over thirteen hundred men. The tales told of the discomfort are very unpleasant and very harrowing to the sympathetic people of Honolulu. Unfortunately, one has to discount the stories of these men a good deal, as they are inclined to be word-

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colorists. When Major-General Otis went over the boat, it is reported that he said there was room for a hundred or two more. The truth lies somewhere between the "official" and the "enlisted" judgments.

July 30, Saturday.

We rode to the western end of the island in an open freight-car, and so could see all the countryside. The line skirts the shore, and the ride was full of interest. We passed in full view of beautiful Moana Loa. The ride around the shores of Pearl Harbor was fine. It is a splendid body of water, and when the channel is cleared, which the Government experts say can be done comparatively easily, it will make a very desirable naval depot. We stopped at the Ewa Sugar Mill; it is situated in the midst of hundreds of acres of sugarcane. It was not in operation, but the good night-watchman explained the processes. The mill is the largest one on the islands, and last year turned out 18,000 tons of sugar. The freight agent at the station told us that there was a message for us at the telephone. It was that we were ordered to report as soon as possible at the steamer. We, the three of us, jumped into a cab and drove to the Peru and found Lieutenant Elliot on the after deck. We saluted. He said, "Your leave is up; you will report to the first sergeant for duty." We saluted and reported. The "top" said he wanted us to sign the pay-roll and be back at ten to-night, as to-morrow morning was muster. After the roll was properly signed we drove off in our cab. The military hand that had been laid

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upon us came with a shock. We had been free so long that we hardly realized that we are soldiers and not simply summer visitors.

We wanted our evening at the Judds' before we made ship at ten. They greeted us with their usual cordiality. Noticing that none of the family had any appetite at supper Mrs. Judd asked, "Do you know the reason?" I said, I hoped it was not our going, but she said it was. We took the quarter-of-ten car armed with two rolls of newspapers and four jars of tamarinds and guava jelly. They urged very much more on us; but we really had no place to keep things. So end our fine days of liberty. It had been too delightful from beginning to end to complain at its close. I must not forget to record that I packed and brought on board with me my tooth brush.

Sunday, July 31.

The last day of the month brought with it muster, as usual. At ten o'clock we were marched out and lined up in the street leading to the dock. After inspection of arms the roll was called and everybody was accounted for—muster was over and we once more returned to the ship and put our outfits away. It was too late to go to church so we partook of our twelve o'clock dinner, and then wandered forth.

The Judds were anxious we should come back and stay until the ship sailed. This morning the Judge wrote a note to the Major asking for an extension of time. The verbal reply was returned that we must be aboard by ten o'clock

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Monday night, and so we were off again free as the air.

We came back to the Judds and went with them to a family christening. It was a beautiful ceremony.

Monday, August 1.

Four of us went out riding towards Diamond Head. We took the beautiful road along the sea-shore with the breakers coming in on one side and the salt marshes and the Chinese duck farms on the other. It was a splendid ride.

Tuesday, August 2.

Again we are on shore. We drove a herd of the Judge's horses (six horses, and one mule), from Mr. Damon's ranch out on Moana Loa to the Judge's paddock. It was good fun separating the horses from Mr. Damon's herd,—quite *à la cowboy*. To-night again we sleep aboard ship.

Wednesday, August 3.

I slipped off the boat sharp 6:30 and came up to the Judds' for breakfast. I had not done this before because Knapp was hampered by not having an "at pleasure pass." After breakfast as we were driving down town to drop in at the Peru and see about Knapp, whom should we see walking up the street as large as life but the gent in question. He had simply walked through the line—no questions asked. So our squad is off for today until ten o'clock tonight. This is probably our last day ashore as General Hughes told me we should probably sail on Thursday.

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The plan for the afternoon is a surf bath down at Waikiki. The bath is in charge of some ladies and quite select. The water was a good temperature, perhaps a trifle warm for exhilaration.

When the cavalcade rode home we found that each of us was to take a large square bundle and an alligator pear. Young Lawrence whispered in my ear "They are crackers and good ones." So again we said good-night, and went down to our boat not knowing whether to-morrow we shall ride horses or the briny wave.

Wednesday, August 3.

This morning we heard the whistles announcing the sighting of a man-of-war, and we knew that the Philadelphia would be in in an hour or two. It was a fine sight—the fierce, lead-colored ship as she slowly moved into the harbor. There were loud whistles from shore, a salute to Admiral Miller from the Mohican—a dear old wooden gunboat—and an answering salute from the Philadelphia. We expect that the Admiral brings orders for us. The great ones of land and water will have a meeting this afternoon. This morning the Rio and the Pennsylvania pulled out about five o'clock. They are both slow boats, and we shall easily overtake them if we leave before the end of the week.

Thursday, August 4.

When we got up there seemed to be no doubt that we should leave; in fact, the hour of nine was given for sailing. On the boat all is bustle and confusion. Everybody is trying to get through

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the line, and scarcely anybody is allowed. The family arrived and had flower wreaths for each of us; which according to the pretty native custom they hung around our necks. We were able to talk with our friends on the dock until after ten. At last, something after eleven, the Puebla, lying alongside of us, pulled out into the stream, and we followed her. The wharf was crowded with the white and native friends of the soldiers. The people seemed to be sorry at the soldiers' leaving (you see, we have been here longer than any other expedition), but I am sure they were not as sorry as we were to go. For Knapp and me it was much harder leaving Honolulu than Frisco.

We steamed out past the Philadelphia, almost grazing the Vancouver boat Aorangi, out past the lighthouse into the open sea. Once more we felt the regular throb of the engines and the swing of the boat. In the distance Diamond Head and the surf beach began to fade, and before the afternoon was old the islands were out of sight. When the roll-call of our troop was taken, it appeared that two of our number, both recruits, had stayed behind—in short, deserted. In all, perhaps eight or ten from our ship's company left us at Honolulu, one dose of troop-ship life being enough for them. "E" Troop lost a sergeant—Powell, whose time expired, and who received his discharge before we left. He was our drillmaster at the Presidio, and though he was strict and short, still every one felt that he was every inch a cavalryman. I am sorry he did not "take on

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again," but he was too wretched coming from Frisco to continue the voyage under the same circumstances.

Friday, August 5.

The order was issued to-day that hereafter all enlisted men should go barefooted. It has raised quite a storm, and to hear some of the men talk of the irreparable damage that is going to come to their feet you would think "they were born with shoes," as Knapp remarked. Lying out on deck, as I have been most of the day, gives me a good chance to study feet. I cannot find that they tell character. Perhaps if we always went barefoot they might be as significant as the hands.

Saturday, August 6.

The regular life of the ship is on now. Drill in the morning, inspection on Saturday, a bath once a day, and for the rest eating and sleeping and loafing. I rather think I shall go on sick report to-morrow, as I have felt rather slack and feverish since Wednesday.

Sunday, August 7.

The doctor says I have malarial fever, and has accordingly copiously dosed me with quinine. The result of the quinine is that I am very dull and lazy. I drag up on deck, have a cup of soup for dinner, and tea and hardtack for supper, and let the breakfast pork go. Orders have been issued that only two troops shall sleep on the deck per night, so we get up every third night. I shall break this rule, as I can't sleep below when I am feeling feverish. Yesterday we passed the Rio

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and Penn. We did not stop, but went right on and soon lost them in the hazy distance. They ought to get to Manila the same week we do.

August 13.

The doctor this morning reported me "duty," which means that I am well, and, as I feel so, I am glad enough to begin my regular work, if you can call our ship activity work. At half-past two we had "inspection," "armed with carbine, campaign hats, white clothes, and no shoes." Thus armed, we were duly looked over as we rocked on the port deck. Lieutenant Elliot remarked as he passed me that I should report some time that afternoon to General Hughes. I went after inspection and found the good General lying in a bamboo chair with a calfskin volume in one hand and a cigar of the Havana brand in the other. He was surprised to hear of my fever and told me never to have it again without letting him know. I promised. He offered me anything from the stores that I needed; and when I said the thing that aggravated the fever was sleeping at night in the hold he suggested an arrangement by which I could sleep in a more airy place. In the evening there was "an entertainment" in the "social hall." The officers sat about, while various of the talented ones among us sang and recited and did a "song and dance" for their benefit. It was voted a great success, but, as I was sleepy, I heard the commotion only in my dreams. The box of cigars that was generously donated to the performers was appropriated by the self-appointed "star."

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Sunday, August 14.

I have begun "duty" in earnest, for I am on guard. My post this time is No. 4, being the fresh-water tank and vicinity. I have to keep the water from being wasted, and prevent crowding. The great charm of post No. 4 is that it commands the galley door and the main route from galley to pantry. The guard is strictly "in it." I managed to pull through the day with my regular rations supplemented by a beefsteak, an Irish stew, a cup of coffee, an eggnog, corn muffins, cakes, mince pie, and bacon. I think that was all. It seems very much as I write it down, but it was strung over the day and night watches, and I truly didn't beg for any of it. Such is it to be under the gracious patronage of steamship waiters plus Chinese cooks.

Monday, August 15, 1898.

Just one month since we sailed through the Golden Gate, and now again we are in sight of land. In the hazy distance off our port bow is a great heap of an island—probably one of the Ladrões—very apparently volcanic in its origin. Whether we stop or not I do not know.

The island is one of the northern Ladrões. About half-past three another showed itself off the starboard side. This island was larger than the first, and more varied and jagged. As we passed it we saw that there was a channel dividing the rocky mass in two. The sides were unmistakably green, and I suppose are populated by glad and naked natives, but they must resemble goats or monkeys to stick on. After supper—

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which, by the way, was an extra fine one of onions and salmon—we climbed up into the rigging and feasted our eyes on the sight of land. We saw (in all) three specimens of this Ladrone group, and from these I should fear that American civilization would have a hard time getting a foothold on their surf-beaten shores. As the sun went down the islands began to fade in the east, and, after all, we were glad that the old ship was plunging on into the red waters of the sunset instead of lingering for a possible cocoanut or breadfruit sandwich on a craggy Ladrone.

August 16, 1898.

This morning one of the stewards of the engineers' mess died very suddenly. I think it was the rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain that carried him off. At four in the afternoon they buried him. The body was sewed up in new canvas and covered with a great flag. At eight bells the engines stopped and the Captain read the Lord's Prayer and the Burial Service, while the boat heaved silently on the long swells. Six of the Chinese crew lifted the body over the ship's side. It dropped with a splash and quickly sank. There was a pause, then the throb of the propeller began again, and the crowd of curious soldiers went about their afternoon lounging. The Chinamen passed us laughing and chattering and apparently wholly unimpressed with this, to their way of thinking, unceremonial and heathen burial.

"Old guard fatigue," for me, consisted in cleaning decks after our three meals. Once,

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after dinner, the decks are washed; for the rest, a "dry polish" does. These cleanings are more than mere form; they are really necessary, for we sit around on deck to eat our meals, and the *debris* is considerable. "Old guard fatigue" makes the boat habitable.

Wednesday, August 17.

To-day the wind and the swell freshened very considerably, so that at noon it looked as if we should have a hard blow; but fortunately it was a false alarm, and toward evening it has quieted down, and looks as if our lovely weather would continue. The land fever has struck the ship's company, as the report is that to-morrow we may sight land. I think it not improbable, and am sure that I, for one, will welcome the sight. I figured up to-day the daily runs from 'Frisco to Honolulu, and from Honolulu to noon today. The first stage of our journey was 2,070 miles, made in seven and one-half days, a daily average of two hundred and seventy-six miles. Up to date we have come 3,778 miles from Honolulu, with a daily average of three hundred and fourteen and five-sixth miles. So we are making very good time—for the Peru—and the present indications are that we shall reach Manila Saturday or Sunday. It is interesting, the amount of geography that is being absorbed on this trip. The phenomena of the day lost last week, and the change of time every twenty-four hours, is thought over and puzzled over until some kind of an explanation is found, and, of course, generally it is the right one.

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Among other interesting pursuits that are carried on aboard is that of tattooing. One of the men in the batteries is a master of the art—that is, a master of part of the art, for he does not attempt large pictorial pieces. For a moderate price, however, he will prick a crossed cannon with the regiment and battery marked on them, or a star or a flag; but a flag comes higher. You see the proud possessors of these adornments going about with their shirt-sleeves rolled back, or a bare foot stuck out prominently. It is interesting, this phase of the decorative instinct, for while it originates in the desire for adornment, yet there has come into it an element of heroism in the brave endurance of pain, and the man with the well-pricked hide is, if anything, a little prouder of the pain he has suffered than of the pictures on him. His friends admire him as a picture gallery and a hero.

August 18.

The boat has been running finely to-day, quite outstripping the Puebla. The rule about sleeping on deck one night and below the next is still kept up, though as far as E Troop is concerned it is very nearly a dead letter. On the detail that is posted up every afternoon for the following day are the words, either, "The troop sleeps on deck to-night," or else "The troop must sleep below to-night." Perhaps half the troop observe the "below" nights; the rest of us sleep on deck every night. There is just a tang of excitement about breaking the law—for there is always the chance that "check" may be taken

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below, and then the absent man stands liable to court-martial or indefinite "fatigues." Last night eighteen men in one of the batteries were caught and sentenced to "fatigue" when we land. However, we shall merrily run the gauntlet to-night and if we are caught we have at least escaped the dangers of the hold. Night before last a bread-thief was caught and sentenced to imprisonment. This sounds as if we were being starved, which is far from the fact. The food we are getting now is, on the whole, the best we have had since we came on board ship. To-night we had dried apples, the donation of a Mrs. Townsend of San Francisco.

Friday, August 19.

To-day has been made memorable by our sighting land. It was about one o'clock, and off our starboard bow. A little further on and land showed off our starboard beam, and then a very surprising sight appeared between the two pieces of land—three ships sailing in company. There were all sorts of conjectures as to who they were—for we are on the lookout for everything, from a Spanish privateer to one of Dewey's fleet coming out to be our escort. The popular mind was relieved, but also a trifle disappointed, when the three ships proved to be three great rocks towering sheer out of the ocean. Land we also sighted on our port beam, and of course we concluded at once that it was Luzon, and that Manila was just around the corner; however, we did not change our course from west to south until about the middle of the night. Knapp was sleeping

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just below me up on the roof of the deck-house, and I felt him tugging at my arm, pointing out that our course had changed, and that land was in sight off the port beam. That settled it; we were in the China Sea, in sight of the island of our destination. The Puebla had been almost lost in the distance all day, and this evening she was quite out of sight. The sunset was unusually lovely to-night. The sky was nearly cloudless and the ocean very quiet. The sun, like a great red ball, sunk to the verge of the horizon, seemed to linger; and then suddenly dipped below the red and yellow water. Just over where the sun went down the thinnest of crescent moons pointed up to the evening star, which fairly outshone it. The twilight was short but very beautiful. When it was dark, there was much interest in watching the lights that showed on land off our port side. They seemed like bonfires, and were the first unmistakable signs of man that we have seen since leaving Honolulu. Knapp is having a touch of fever—his old South African kind. He had been feeling “under the weather” for two or three days before he knew just what the matter was. I hope he can break it up before we land. He goes on sick report to-morrow.

August 20.

All day long we have been in sight of land, and our course has been due south. The shores of Luzon, as we have seen them through a light mist, have been rocky and high, and low lying, by turns. A steep promontory will be followed by a long stretch of level country with a lofty mountain in

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the distance. The boat rolls along rather more slowly than we have been going, and it is evident that we are not making for port tonight. Each hour as it goes by finds the soldiers in perceptibly better spirits, for we are nearer land, and also there is less chance of the dread typhoon. We are almost beginning to joke about typhoons in general, so kindly does the China Sea treat us. About seven in the evening, as Knapp and I were lying upon the roof of the deck-house watching a livid sunset, the engines stopped and we rocked listlessly in the swell of the strong west breeze. On the land we saw a flashing light. The three different colors recurring at regular intervals meant a lighthouse, and we concluded that we were off Manila Bay, and would have to wait till the morning to sail in. There is a great deal of mystery about the land which we can just see in dark outline. We are so near, and yet we do not know what *you* have known for weeks. Manila may have fallen, or our troops may be lying in the trenches where perhaps we shall be ordered to-morrow. We were driven below about midnight by a heavy squall of wind and rain. As soon as the drops began to fall there was a rush to the hatches, and a mob of soldiers more than half asleep fell down stairs, waking up the men below, and receiving their hearty curses. We shall not be sorry to have done with some features of our life aboard ship.

August 21.

It is just sixteen weeks ago this morning that Dewey entered this harbor, and if he saw no more of it than we do he certainly sailed by faith.

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When we started, at six o'clock, the mist was so thick that we could hardly see land. The rain was pelting down harder than we have yet had it. It was a wet and miserable crowd that stood up and ate their beans and coffee with the water trickling down their necks, and only the excitement of making port kept us from shooting ourselves. The Puebla had caught up with us over night, and sailed behind us as we made for the shore. The course lay between an island and a point of the mainland. The island is beautiful. Thickly wooded, it rises from the water to an elevation of four or five hundred feet; crowning the summit is the lighthouse whose rainbow flashes we saw last night. Inside the gates of the Bay we were again encircled by the mist, only a dim line of shore being visible on our right. A steamer passed us that we supposed to be a German collier. This was followed by a native boat—a most curious contraption. The sail was of woven wicker-work, and outriggers kept the outfit from rolling over. Straight-haired Malays swarmed over her and looked with wide-open eyes at the soldiers crowding the steamer's sides. It was after seven before we saw ships appearing out of the fog, and the first boat we clearly saw was the Baltimore! The anchor was dropped and a little launch bobbed alongside from the cruiser. There was a consultation between the navy and the army. Behind the Baltimore was a fleet of American war-ships and colliers, and in the distance, behind the ungainly monitor Monterey, were the masts and smokestacks of several sunken

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Spanish boats. When the consultation was over, we weighed anchor and went on toward a fleet of boats that showed in the distance. We were going, it seems, from Cavite to Manila Harbor. The boats grew clearer as we went on, and we could distinguish between the colliers and transports and the men-of-war. To our right was the main part of the American fleet, and to our left the foreign boats, with the English and the Japanese nearest in shore. Again we dropped our anchor, between the Olympia, with its admiral's flag flying, and an English cruiser, with its white sides and cream-colored funnels. Before us lay Manila, its shore-line white with warehouses, and its sky-line broken by church domes and spires. We know that the city has surrendered, for here we are in the harbor. The report has also spread over the ship that peace has been declared. Oh, the visions of Thanksgiving dinners at home! One ardent youth from one of the batteries applied for his discharge. Many wanted to follow his example, but feared to seem over-eager. The memory of the voyage is so fresh that the crowd's patriotism has not had time to rise. As one chap put it, "Next time the Government will have to be shaken pretty bad before *I* enlist to save it. I guess next time I'll just step in before it falls." This was said about fifteen minutes before the rain stopped and the sun came out. The General had several callers from various foreign men-of-war, and finally the Government launch took him with his staff ashore. The launch was Spanish from the gilded coat-of-arms at the bow

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to the gilded stern-post. Somehow the neat little American flag looked out of place. You wanted to see a great Spanish ensign sweeping the waves. The day passed quickly, looking at the shore and the boats. About five the launch returned, and at six we moved back to Cavite.

Just as I had stretched myself out for the night I was ordered to report to General Hughes. The General said that Mr.—, who had come over with us, wanted some pictures taken in Manila, and thought that I might do something for him. We went to Mr.—'s stateroom and I was introduced to the gentleman in his bunk. He has been greatly impressed in going about to-day with the quaint and the picturesque, in Manila. He said that he would pay me what I thought it worth, and would not mind if I used the pictures myself. I said that I should only be too glad to do what I could for him, provided I could get off. Before I went back I saw General Hughes, who said he thought I would like to take the pictures, and he would see that I had liberty. What do you think of your youngest as a newspaper photographer?

We hear that Manila surrendered a week ago yesterday. So we are too late for the storming of the city. Still, we may have some work with ← ? the insurgents.

Monday, August 22.

Last night again we were chased below by a bad squall. This night-moving has lost its interest. The morning is fine. The water of the bay is so still that the natives have come out in

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their dugouts with bananas and oranges and pineapples and tobacco to sell, or trade. The American money puzzles them. They would rather take a little piece of chewing tobacco than a quarter, and they love above all else our blue-and-white bed-ticks; from these they make trousers. We lie here in sight of the white buildings of the arsenal. Out in the bay are the Baltimore and the Monterey, with one other man-of-war. On the shore side is a fleet of colliers and transports, and in a half-moon about us the sunken hulks of the Spanish fleet. Such a sight can nowhere else be seen. It is impressive and very appealing. There is talk of our going on shore, but our routine has not changed except that we have put on shoes. This afternoon three troops and one battery went ashore. The boat is so clear and comfortable now that we almost hate to leave. All afternoon I have been down packing cargo into a lighter lying alongside. Our prisoners and about twenty other men have been working this way, half in the boat and half in the native lighter. These boats are a sight—long, slim craft with flat bottoms and rising prow and stern.

Cavite, Monday, August 22.

[The landing of the Fourth Cavalry at Cavite continues. The soldiers still on the Peru are engaged in packing cargo into a lighter. The Diary says:] These boats are a sight—long, slim craft with flat bottoms and rising prow and stern. There are quarters for the crew forward and aft, *à la* canal-boat. The lighter is covered with an

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arched wicker roof that can be removed in sections. The boats are as unhandy as they are picturesque, and that is saying much. We tried to get the Malay crew to help us tie the boat up and move it along as we filled her, but though they were nimble as monkeys, climbing about the boat and up the ropes to the Peru, they could not comprehend plain English instructions, though yelled at them in a voice that might be heard a mile. The result of an afternoon's work by our gang of soldier longshoremen was one lighter full. At this rate the Peru will not be unloaded this month. As a reward of merit we had prunes and rice for supper.

Cavite, Tuesday, August 23.

Our last night on the Peru we slept peacefully; on deck all night—no shower to wake us. The water was perfectly smooth, and the order was to be ready to go on shore at any time. We stood with bag in hand, so to speak, all morning, though it was not till after dinner that we finally left the ship. One of the aforementioned lighters came alongside, and E and I Troops and their baggage were loaded in. G Troop had disembarked in the morning, so we were the last of the cavalry squadron to go ashore. A gang is detailed to stay aboard ship and do "steward" or "fatigue." One of the Government launches towed us ashore. Our course lay through the fleet of colliers and by three sunken Spanish boats—"Spanish new pattern submarine men-of-war"—as one fellow remarked. Cavite shows a very attractive side to

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the water. The naval buildings surrounding the sea wall stand along the water front in a long white line, broken here and there by a bit of green. At the point of the peninsula guarding the docking contrivances (they have no dry docks like ours) is a fort mounting a score of fine old bronze cannon. We drew up to the stone embankment by one of the storehouses, and, lest the interest of landing should not be enough, the bamboo roof over the stern of the boat gave away, and the fifteen men who were sitting on it and the thirty men who were underneath it got very much confused the one with the other. No one was hurt, though a good many were convinced that they were killed. It was an interesting sight. You can believe the men were glad to scramble on shore. Here they were at the goal of their thoughts for the last three months. Presently we were lined up and marched off to the quarters of the marines, where troops E and I were put in a big, dirty room perhaps 120x-40 feet. Piled up in great heaps were the beds—oblong wooden frames with bamboo mattresses. This frame stands on two iron supports very much like fire-irons. The bed is hard and cool, though a little crowded for two. The fellows wanted to get out and see the place, and it was right hard to clean up and arrange quarters with glimpses of banana and orange venders floating before our eyes. All the six hundred cavalry are quartered in these barracks, and, on the whole, they are well fixed. The back of the building is about fifty feet from the sea-wall, so that whatever sea breeze is blowing finds its way into the build-

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ing. The cook-houses form part of the wall of the arsenal inclosure. They are small and black, and drain into a tile ditch that runs by their doors. In front of the barracks it is charming. The roadway here runs between the barracks and the old moss-covered stone wall of the fortress; toward the town are the splendid bronze gates of the main entrance to the arsenal grounds, flanked on one side by a choice little guard-house, and on the other by a pumping station. Beyond the gates is a large parade-ground, ending in a half-circle of buildings. A great white church, with the belfry like the California missions, stands at the extreme right. The roadway in the direction of the sea leads through an avenue of palms and banana-trees to the square in front of the officers' quarters. On the benches in the square is a grand place to loaf. There is a constant moving panorama—natives going to and from the machine-shops; soldiers dragging carts of supplies; tiny ponies scratching along under great strapping officers; Filipino women scuffling along in the high-heeled wooden slippers with broad, shallow baskets of bananas on their heads. Altogether the sight is curious and diverting. I feel as if I could doze on indefinitely, but the "mess call" discovered other longings, and I was more than ready for the rations served in our plain but dirty kitchen. We are not allowed outside the gates, so after supper we wandered over the grounds looking at the cannon until it was too dark to see more, and then watched the native laborers gamble, seated in little groups about the flaring candle.

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Wednesday, August 24.

There seems to be enough work fixing up quarters here to employ all hands, so we drill not, neither do we loaf. I have been engaged on a tile drain—the one that passes the cook-house door. The section in front of our kitchen is a trifle out of repair; in fact, it resembles a mud-hole more than a well-built drain. But there are plenty of brick to be had, and the job is not a bad one. As I was coming in with a cart loaded with brick I noticed that two companies were lined up in front of quarters. Thinking it was drill, I was going through the line when an officer shouted to drop the cart and fall in. I made a dive for my bunk and grabbed my belt and carbine, and got out just after E Troop had got outside the gates. I felt, what I had never been conscious of before, a strong desire to get with my troop to share whatever might come with the fellows I knew. When we were lined up on the parade-ground, we could hear several scattering shots, and I can tell you it sent a thrill through us to hear two sharp cracks of the Krag-Jørgensen to every one of the singing Mausers. The shots were few, and not in volleys, and we began to feel as if we had been fooled. When two bodies were carried across the parade-ground on stretchers, we knew it was no practice alarm. Extra boxes of ammunition were brought out, and every man served out with forty rounds, which brought up the number of cartridges in our belts to ninety. We had not waited long before three insurgent officers came across the green and went to the officers' quarters. After

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they came out we were recalled, and attacked our late supper. The whole affair proved to be a blunder. A squad of insurgents had shot down two drunken battery men who were recklessly discharging their six-shooters on the way home from the town. The insurgents made matters worse by firing without reason at several of our outposts. The feeling to-night is one of great excitement, for there is liable to be friction at any time, as the shooting blood of the natives is up and they long to pull the trigger—officers or no officers. We sleep with gun and belt beside us, ready to fall in at any time. There is less noise and more thinking than last night.

Manila, Philippine Islands, August 30.

I must tell you where I am writing this from and what my occupation is at present. Last Friday, as I was working in the kitchen in our quarters over at Cavite, I received a written order to proceed to Manila as soon as possible, reporting upon arrival to Brigadier-General Hughes, at Headquarters, Eighteenth Army Corps. I found General Hughes who asked me if I wanted to be detailed as his messenger. I asked him his candid advice on the comparative advantages of going to headquarters or of sticking by my troop. He answered that he should not have asked me unless he thought I would be doing the best thing. I then spoke of the chance of my seeing active service with my troop; to which he replied that he would know of any movement before it was executed and could have me back in the

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troop on two hours' notice. I told him that I should be very glad to come.

Headquarters Department of the Pacific
Eighteenth Army Corps, Manila, P. I.,
September 2, '98.

I cannot realize that I am ten thousand odd miles from Chicago, and something like eleven thousand from where I enlisted in "this man's army." It surprises me to see how much at home I have felt right through this experience, in the Presidio, in the hold of the Peru, and now in the Philippines, which always seemed just beyond the jumping-off place. I suppose if I were here alone I should feel truly "insulated," but there being an odd eighteen thousand Americans to keep one company, homesickness is prevented. At present here at headquarters I am royally fixed—far better than a private should be. There would be a question in my mind about taking this "job" if there were active service to be had, but I am lazy enough to gladly exchange garrison duty for "special duty." General Hughes is a regular trump, a gentleman of the old school, most considerate to others. The few things he asks of me I only wish were more.

r This paper is stained, not with patriotic blood
✓ (though I believe that right here in Manila some
[of our men have bled—true heroes), but with
patriotic or tropic perspiration. It is well-nigh impossible to keep it off the paper. In an hour or two it will be cooler. The heat seems to agree with me admirably. The only discomforts I mind, and those are not unendurable, are the heat

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and flies, and mosquitoes of a night-time. They seem successful in preventing an unbroken sleep, and it is something of a surprise to me to find myself fresh in the morning after my shower-bath.

Manila, P. I., September 3.

The exchange here is \$2.05 Spanish for \$1 American, so we can double the quantity of our pay at any time. I have bought a broad-brimmed pith hat, a white suit and white shoes, all for the sum of five dollars and fifty cents Spanish. I need here in the office rather different clothes from those suitable for regular drill and fatigue work. Wednesday I took the General's belongings—boxes, bags, etc.—from the Hotel Oriente out to the Governor's palace at Malacanygn. It took me all the afternoon, as the buffalo-cart the commissary was to send did not show up, and I had finally to hire two cabs and dicker with the heathen for the trip. It was good fun, and I managed to get them to the General about five-thirty o'clock, just as he was needing them. I have had several errands around town to do, but next to no office work. What little I have had to do has been locating places on the map, transposing Spanish measures into English, and looking up information of one kind and another in Spanish year-books. You can think that I would enjoy this.

Manila, P. I., September 8.

The General has gone to the City Government Building as Provost Marshal-General, and has not yet taken me from here. The first day I moved

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the office up to the second floor. Here we have two grand rooms—one large and the other rather smaller; the latter is my private property. The ceiling must be quite twenty feet high, and the windows and doors match. At night I find we get all the breeze there is, and no more than our share of the mosquitoes. The General said, this morning, that he had more work than he could see his way through, and that he should want me to come down to his present headquarters in a day or two, but that, in any case, he would keep the office here in the palace for a sleeping-place for me. He also remarked that he was looking for a saddle horse, and “when I get it I shall probably want you to exercise it more or less.” He is so kind to me that I hardly feel as if it were the part of a soldier to be his messenger, but still I am glad to be. I shall be well satisfied to be connected with this municipal administration as the governing problem is more pressing here now than the military, and I rather think that the General will have to take the brunt of the former in his position. He has three regiments—the Twenty-third Infantry, the Thirteenth Minnesota, and the Second Oregon Volunteer Infantry—as his police force. In addition to the police work, he is responsible for the water, electric light, fire, street-cleaning, and penitentiary departments of the city. I had a little share in the street-cleaning question the other day. It was before the General was formally appointed. He wanted to know about how many carts and men the Government had, and where these carts were. I brought the

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subject up when I was talking with my Spanish friend at his house. I found that a gentleman in the same house had been in the city government, and I learned from him the system of their street-cleaning. It is done by contract, the government furnishing transportation. I was able to make a somewhat full report the next morning to the General—the information being what he wanted, and what he had not been able to get hold of. I had been able to get the name and address of the contractor. I heard him to-day, in talking with a Major who has been put in charge of street-cleaning, use the material I was so lucky as to chance upon. The Spaniards are very nasty in trying to block the administration in a thousand little ways, and they are the hardest people to get information out of, if you go at it directly. There would be good use here for a secret service of five or six efficient men. The General is persuaded that there are large amounts of Government property stored away in churches and private houses in the city which should be searched out and claimed by the United States. One instance of the way they waft away the stuff: when the officers went to take charge of the Spanish public treasury, the grand Archbishop comes along and says it is his—has been loaned to him, and therefore, being church property, it is “hands off” for the Americans. The way the matter was settled I know not. Under the circumstances I should have been tempted to give the Archbishop just about thirty seconds to give up his money, *à la* good old Western style.

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I must tell you a story I heard of the times here before the battle, when the Germans were threatening trouble. You very likely have heard it, but it is so good, and also reported as authentic, that I will run the chance of repeating. The German admiral, it seems, went to the British admiral and asked him what course he would take in case the Germans should take part with the Spaniards at the storming of the city—in short, if the German men-of-war should attack the American fleet. The English admiral replied, with perfect graciousness: "Only Admiral Dewey and myself know what I should do under those circumstances." It was enough to silence the German.

Manila, P. I., September 16.

Yesterday was a genuine dog-day—rain and heat—we need no more of just that kind. The life over at Cavite is much harder than the soldiering here. The interest and life of the city keep a good many men from going into the hospital here; besides, our water supply is far superior to that of Cavite, which has been supplied with water carried in lighters across the bay from here. We expect a mail from the States via Hong-Kong the middle of next week, and letters and papers from "God's country" are very eagerly looked for. The Spanish papers here are still giving daily news of the battle before Santiago, so you see they are not prophets, at any rate. One of the sheets is a trifle abusive of the Americans, and I think the censor will have a job one of these days.

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There is considerable disquiet among the Filipinos at present. A day or two since a note was sent out to the insurgent chiefs, in the nature of an ultimatum, I fancy, and since then there have been signs of considerable activity and more or less hostility to the Americans. There has been friction between the outposts of the two armies—how much I do not know. It is thought by many that a clash is coming this week. In any case our force is on the lookout. The Fourth Cavalry was transferred over here last Saturday, and stationed somewhere in the suburbs of the city. Yesterday I was looking for them, and found myself in rather a peculiar position. It was to the north of the New City, and I was wandering out toward their supposed location. I got beyond the first picket-line, perhaps a half-mile, and struck a big crowd of natives from the city who were watching some kind of a procession that, as it neared, proved to be two or three hundred of Aguinaldo's army parading under arms. My feelings were somewhat mixed as I discovered myself in such a surprising minority. I was in among an odd two thousand Malays, but the white-shirted rascals crowded about me, and, grinning, said "Americana—Filipino—amigo," and laid their two forefingers side by side in token of our fast friendship. I thought it wise to agree with them. — ! The marching soldiers were a sight. The only uniform thing about them was their guns—forty-five caliber Remingtons. For the rest they wore all manner of hats, from old yellow pith helmets to broad-brimmed straw and ragged felt hats.

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Their coats and shirts and trousers were as different as could be. They were alike again in their spreading, bare black feet. The noise they made as they stamped the ground marking time was quite like a bootied regiment. They were, withal, a very serious-looking crowd—mostly all boys, marching to the monotonous squeak of a half-breed fife. They paraded in column of fours up and down the road three times, and then went out again to the bush where they came from. I got back to our lines in time to hear the officer of the day berating the sergeant of the guard for allowing the drill to take place. "Why, you'll be letting these armed heathen drill in the streets of Manila"—this delivered with every evidence of genuine emotion. I was glad I had been out at the exhibition, though I should not have deemed it wise to go had I known its character beforehand.

The change to Manila is a good one, as here water and variety are as abundant as they are scarce in Cavite.

Yesterday I took out some of my Spanish study in reading a little Spanish pamphlet purporting to give historical testimony to the admirable cures effected by "Aqua de San Ignacio de Loyola." It seems that in a number of European countries water blessed by relics of the saint in question has produced very surprising results on the ladies and gentlemen who have imbibed thereof or laved their persons therewith. The pamphlet was interesting and the Spanish difficult enough to make its translation something of a task. I will bring the opusculo home with me. HUNTINGTON.

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Headquarters of the Department of the Pacific
and Eighth Army Corps, Manila, P. I.,
September 16, 1898.

The troop [that to which the writer belonged before his assignment to Headquarters] has been stationed about two miles to the southeast of here, in a tobaccofactory. The place is within a mile of the insurgent lines, so that the fellows are kept busy on outpost duty. They have been soaked by the very heavy rains that came down every night, and their "bed and board" is very crude. They came over from Cavite last Saturday with their blankets, carbines, and the clothes on their backs, so they have nothing to make themselves comfortable with. But they have just been paid, so that skies are looking a trifle brighter. Two of our fellows have gone to the general hospital. I think that probably they will get disability discharges and be sent home. One of them is a boy who came on from New York in our little detachment. He is troubled with a weak stomach and homesickness. I trust he will be sent by the next transport, for he can be of no further use to the army here, and he will be all right when he gets home. The other fellow is older. This chap is a son-in-law of the late Brigham Young. He lost his wife about a year since, and is now a broken-spirited man. I fear that he will not live, as his lungs are in rather poor shape. I have been to see these fellows yesterday and today in the beautiful general hospital. Something over five hundred patients are accommodated. The wards are all separate buildings about a great courtyard. The whole place is thoroughly clean

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and attractive. The two "E" troop men feel as if they had struck the happy hunting ground.

I am taking my summering now, and probably I shall till we leave here. You know this is not a bad climate if you are able to plan your day, and have a care for food and drink. I think my inherent laziness fits me rather well for a tropical life. My day goes somewhat in this wise: I rise about 6:30, put my bed away, take my shower, and eat breakfast (having dressed beforehand). I get over to the Gobierno Civil about 8:30, and always find the General there before me. He seems to rather like my coming, for he brightens up and generally keeps me for a five or ten minute chat on something or other, ending up with his inquiring as to how I am and how I find the room over here, and a warning to keep well. Sometimes he has an errand for me, and sometimes several things to be done—letters to be sent, etc.; but more often I am dismissed with, "Well, you look out for things over there; I shan't need you again to-day." I have suggested once or twice my staying over at his office in case he should want me, or my reporting to him in the afternoon; but he replies that he doesn't know yet just what he wants me to do—"Although I'm afraid I shall need you over here one of these days." So I possess my soul in patience, and go home to study Spanish and read the Official Guide of the Philippines (in Spanish), and cavalry tactics, etc. Before or after dinner I am apt to stretch out for an hour, and by three o'clock I wander forth to view the country. This is when I ramble

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over Manila and vicinity. I have not yet wearied of the place and its people. After supper I sit around and talk for a half-hour or so, generally with a civilian in the engineer department. He is a Scotchman who has bossed government engineering jobs for eighteen years. He is intelligent and delightfully free from boasting—that curse of the military American of non-official class. Then again I wander forth and stroll about the town, often dropping in at the resorts where music is to be had. One of these aforesaid resorts, the Alhambra, over in the new city, has a native orchestra that renders “Martha” and “Carmen” and “Il Trovatore.” The restaurant is on the river side and delightfully cool, so that, taken all in all, it is *mucho bueno*. I can’t keep out of bed later than half-past nine or ten.

Yesterday I took a young corporal of the Oregonian regiment stationed here out to dinner. We had an imposing Spanish dinner, no less than seven courses, for \$1.60, Mexican money (a little less than 80 cents, our money). Afterwards we went over to the new town and there met two other college men, also in the Oregon regiment, and had, all by ourselves, quite a nice little reunion. It is the first genuine college crowd that I have struck since I joined this army.

Manila, P. I., September 22, '98.

Again the transport goes, and again comes the opportunity to write home. I almost wish that the tide of transports was the other way, but our mail will probably be more regular and frequent in

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the future. I was surprised to receive letters from Hawaii by the mail-boat Doric, and yet no American mail came. We are all puzzled over it.

There are no new developments in my relations to Uncle Sam. The General seems to want me to do just what I am doing, and so I continue. I keep splendidly well. Knapp was saying that he thought you would be surprised to see me come home in such "rude health." I certainly am approximating to the Malays in color. Our plans here are, as you know, very indefinite. The convention at Paris will have to decide finally the disposition of the island. I do not see how we can honorably withdraw from here. The natives and the Spaniards are almost alike in cruelty and general rascality, and if we should pull out, leaving either one in the ascendancy, there would be a reign of murder and pillage. We seem to be the only *interested* party capable of preserving law and order. And yet I don't covet these islands for America. (They are perfectly opposite in the character of their country and their people to our country and people. They are naturally rich, without question, but I doubt if our civilization stands in great need of more gold and cigars. This is the selfish side.) In taking them we would have a grand chance to do for them—a chance that we will well use, I believe.

Manila, P. I., September 25, 1898.

✓ We got the news on Friday that five more regiments were coming out here. This rather looks as if the Government were planning to hold this piece

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of land. Here it is viewed as a decided indication of this course. I have been around twice to see my friend Signor Munné. He is a superintendent in the electric light company here, and I think I wrote you of my meeting him some weeks ago, and of our conversing together in French. It seems that he is by birth a Frenchman, though he was a small boy when he left his native heath. He lives with a well-to-do Philippine family. There are also boarding in the house two Spanish young men whom I have met pleasantly. All three speak French and are eager to learn English. I have been quite a number of times to read and speak with them, and I find now that I feel a little advance in Spanish. I begin to be able to make sentences, so that what I want now is constant practice. I am going to interview my friend Munné when he comes to-morrow night to take me out for a drive, and see whether I could get board—table board—at the house where these three fellows live. If I could, and if it was *good*—the General made this stipulation when I proposed the plan to him—I think of no better way of getting on in Spanish than talking it at table three times a day. I will write you how it comes out. Aren't you amused at my talking French? I dare say these youths are, but still I make them understand in time. I am not letting my German get rusty, for I am very apt of an evening to drop in on a German druggist not far from here who is always glad to chat for a season.

Yesterday Knapp was on pass. We had our dinner together at La Palma Mallorica, our

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favorite Spanish restaurant. Then we wandered over to New Manila and "did" Chinatown after our own fashion. First we went into a drug-store and sat down and talked till the Chinamen took notice of us and began to ask questions. We told them what a lot of different things were called in English, and the Ching-Chings showed us their business and became very cordial, offering us cigars. We moved on to a fruit-store and from there to a bakery and umbrella-shop. In all these places we were very well treated. On our way home we stopped in at a couple of carpenter-shops and in both places we were served with delicious tea. It gave us a very favorable impression of the clean and hard-working Ching-Ching. This morning John, the native who cares for this office, took me to eight o'clock mass at his church, the Church of Binondo. It is a big church and this morning it was crowded with natives. A native priest said mass, and the music (horrible) was furnished by a native organist and choir. The whole was gaudy and barbaric; still, I like it better than the Spanish churches I have been to. The setting better becomes the heathen than the supposedly civilized. On our way home John stopped to treat me to some soda-water in the street, where we were joined by a Spanish man-of-war's man who wanted to treat the crowd. I find the Spanish soldier and sailor very simple-hearted and withal kindly. Several of the prisoners here within the walls have offered me tobacco, and seemed thoroughly glad to associate with the American. It is not so with their officers, who are,

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as a class, proud and useless. The other evening, as I was walking in from the Fourth Cavalry barracks about nine o'clock, I got to talking with a Filipino cab-driver who asked me, as an "amigo," to get in, and then drove me down town, and when I put my hand in my pocket to pay him, would not let me, but pushed back my hand with "Amigo, amigo." All the classes have shown themselves very friendly from what I've seen, though my experience is different from the average. Several people have doubted my story of the cab-driver. ✓

Manila, October 3, 1898.

The past week has been made very happy for me by the arrival of mail—the first we have had for nearly a month. The accounts of peace brought in your letters and papers were the first satisfactory ones I have had so far. The air here is full of rumors and lies, and I did not know what the protocol involved. I presume that when the final peace agreement is signed I can get my discharge, (though among other things talked about here is that the Government is going to hold everybody, volunteers and all, here in Luzon for an indefinite period—probably a lie.) The Santiago campaign thrills me with the heroism displayed by our men, but in its management it strikes me as the greatest and most criminal of the numerous blunders committed since war began. If George Kennan's account is true of the condition of the field hospital and the kind of treatment the wounded received, our men suf-

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ferred as greatly as the Cuban reconcentrados.

We have seen out here some of the brain power of our commissary and subsistence departments most strikingly exhibited. For instance, the rations that have loaded the transports, intended for an army serving in the tropics, have consisted almost wholly of pork, canned beef, beans, and hardtack—an admirable Klondike fare. We are informed now that, all red tape to the contrary having been set aside, some dried fruit is on its way here. A clever touch on the management's part was the sending out here of seventy thousand cigars to be sold to the soldiers. The price is between two and three times the price charged here for cigars of decidedly better flavor. The American "smokers" are very rapidly deteriorating in the hot, damp climate, and will be sent home to be sold as junk or relics, I suppose, as no one here, American or native or Spanish, will touch them. Please excuse me for my small tirade, but the story of Santiago has made my blood boil, and has reminded me of one or two things right here.

The weather has been just about the same, perhaps a little less rain. My occupation has been varied by making an alphabetical list of all the Spanish officers in town, which little job I am still on. I work from the corps and staff lists they hand in, and the making out of the Spanish writing is puzzling, but rather good fun. Thank you all more than I can write for your letters and your love. It is the refreshment and joy of my life here.

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Manila, P. I., October 8, 1898.

In your letter came a "P & O" folder, which has set me thinking of routes for the returning home provided I get my discharge here. I should very much like to visit the North China Mission and have written the Porters asking about ways and rates. I should also like the trip home *via* Suez and London and if I get my discharge here I think it will be within my means for I should have between \$500 and \$600 coming to me in transportation money—Manila to New York. Knapp wants me to go with him to Africa and stop for a short visit on the East Coast. If it should seem feasible I should like to take it in. However this is all counting chickens before they are hatched, in short before my discharge is in sight.

Manila, P. I., October 11, 1898.

First of all I want to tell you of a talk I had with General Hughes last Sunday morning. It began by asking me how I was, and I told him that I was feeling "chippa." "Well," he said, "that's the best news I have heard for days. I wasn't thinking of writing to your father, but I was going to send you out into the Bay if you didn't pick up in a day or two." In explanation of this I must tell you of a ten days dose of malaria I have been enjoying, but am now quite over. It was a low fever just like the one I had on the steamer. I treated myself with much quinine, and got through all right, but I don't care for it again. This however is just by the way of introduction to what the General went on to say. He told me there was nothing here in Manila for

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me. That it was an army occupation and unless I had a commission (which he hoped I wouldn't have) there was nothing for me to get here. "Now I want you to get away from here just as soon as you can. If after the peace settlement there is any delay in your getting your discharge, have your father get it through the Secretary of War." He told me he would strongly advise my not going into the army permanently; that he had been in it for 40 years under protest because of his health, and he was unwilling to see me lose valuable time. "I will allow you one year from your studies but no more." I feel that his advice is wise and the sooner I get out of here probably the better for health and time considerations. Perhaps it would be well to get the discharge at once through the Secretary of War. I don't like to ask special favors, as you know, but I do not think it would be asking too great a favor, requesting that some little red tape be done away with, and that I receive more promptly what I am entitled to from the Government. If there were active service or if I could be of considerable use to General Hughes, I should not think of hastening my discharge. But the General's advice strikes me as being sound, so I would like to hasten the inevitable. Please don't understand that I am peevish in my desire to get out of obligations I have taken on myself.

Manila, P. I., October 18, 1898.

The week has been one of almost solid rain. The temperature has been comparatively cool from the heavy showers, but I welcome the return

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of a degree of dryness. As far as my experience goes, it is never really dry here. In the first place, we are on an island and we get much sea breeze, and then the city is intersected and surrounded by waterways large and small, and low lands that in this season are flooded. The result is an atmosphere so damp that shoes and gloves mildew if left for a day or two; and the drawers of our American desks never get over sticking. The sun is very hot and intense, but where its rays do not fall damp reigns. This morning I noticed the sun on the tiled floor of the hallway. The floor had just been wet in washing and it actually smoked where the sun struck it, like a wet cloth under a flat iron. And yet the corners that the sun does not strike may remain damp all day.

The monotony of the past week has been broken by one interesting episode. Last Wednesday I saw two monkeys for sale on the street, and my heart went out to one of them, and I waxed bold and bought him, after inducing the Filipino gentleman to lower his price from two to one pesos—fifty cents American. I got the monkey home only to discover that I had a white elephant on my hands. He was wild and ugly, and I took turns in beating him for breaking the furniture and trying to gain his confidence and affection; but he persisted in his evil ways and would have none of me. After keeping him for three days chained up in my window, feeding him on rolls and bananas from the majordomo's mess, I decided to see what would happen if I should let the

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little villain loose—cherishing meanwhile a lively hope that he might see fit to desert. At first he ran along the gallery and out of one of the windows facing on the court. Up he scrambled till he was perched under the eaves. He could go no further, and apparently couldn't climb down again. This aroused the interest of the native boys about the house, and they proceeded to give an exhibition of monkey-catching. On the end of a long pole they fixed a noose fast. They finally got this over the monkey's head and hauled him down, and loosened the cord just before the brute was strangled. So my darling was back again. This time I let him out for fair, and was delighted to see him make for the roof. He never came back. The next time I invest in monkeys I will get a young tame one, mindful of my lost "Noquiere."

The rain has kept me housed pretty well, and I have also been busy on my list of Spanish officers. My job is to make an alphabetical list of the Spanish officers, prisoners here in Manila. They send in lists by regiments, corps, etc., which, while very pretty as specimens of Spanish handwriting, are not exactly practical for use. I have to decipher the Spanish writing and choose which of the three to six different names I shall take to catalogue the man under. Then I put down his residence and figure out his rank and the corps to which he belongs. I have finished my first list—dividing off the A's, B's, etc., but not making it thoroughly alphabetical, and am now perhaps a third through my final. With an odd

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ten thousand Spanish soldiers to feed and care for, my list shows perhaps eleven hundred officers to be looked after. The little King was prodigal of commissions.

If I did not succeed very well with my animal venture, I am getting much satisfaction out of three plants. The largest is a sensitive-plant that Knapp brought in to me from the garden of their quarters. It is flourishing and has had half a dozen blossoms since I have had it. The other two are little palm-trees that have come up from seeds Mrs. Judd sent me in a letter from Honolulu. The largest one is not more than two inches high, but both are growing splendidly. I shall be able to sleep in the shade of my own tree before I leave here. The monkey threw the crock containing the palms out into the street. I rushed out and found at last the two little slips and replanted them before they were injured. John, my native boy, takes great interest and pride in the garden. You will be interested in the inclosed lottery tickets. One is a government and the other a religious lottery. The drawings never came off. These tickets were in the General's first Spanish desk. As an amusing little example of the kind of paternal government the Spanish here expect of the Americans, the other day a Spanish officer came to the General and wanted from him a rebate for some Government lottery tickets he had where the drawing never came off. They think that because the Americans treat them with justice and kindness they can impose on said Americans for the gratifi-

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cation of every whim. They would understand being kicked around by the Germans much better than they do the American treatment. They simply think the Americans are "easy."

I have not written you how I have enjoyed the weeklies you have sent me; the "Springfield Republican," especially, has been solid meat to me. I read it from beginning to end, and some of the articles I re-read with much interest. We hear that President McKinley in his Omaha speech rather advises against annexing the Philippines. I do hope it is true, for I feel that if we do annex them we will regret it. I believe we are bound to see order preserved here for the present, and perhaps some kind of protectorate will be needed for years to come, but we can't afford to risk any of the principles of our republican government by taking in these savage tropical lands. I can't help feeling very conservative when it comes to any action which tends to largely increase the military in our country. The trade argument seems to be the mainstay of the expansionists. I don't believe, however, that the position is sound. As the "Republican" says, a naval base would be just as useful to us in the Chinese situation as the whole twelve hundred islands. We are already successfully competing in foreign markets where we have no political influence. And, further, I think it is doubtful if the profits of trade here with the natives would be so great when we consider the expenses of the necessary military government. You can understand how anxiously we look for the result of the Paris

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conference. What do the disturbances in France mean? Is the present government going to smash on the military rock? I should think that this Zola business would tend to shake any government.

Before this reaches you all my political gossip will be stale. You will have to put yourself back a month to understand it.

Manila, P. I., October 26, 1898.

The weather has been noticeably cooler, which is a blessing. We haven't taken out our furs yet, but the other night, in a hard rain-storm, I pulled my blanket over me.

This envelope was addressed some time ago, when I was planning to construct a Spanish letter. I began, "Cara Mia," only to find a day or two later that cara was "costly," and not the kind of "dear" I wanted. In other words, I got out beyond my depth in flowing Spanish, and letter-writing is postponed for the present. I find, though, that my colloquial Spanish is progressing well. My vocabulary is about on a par with the Filipinos' talk, and I really surprise myself the way I can rattle on with the simple natives. When it comes to talking with educated Spaniards, it is a different matter. In explaining the American government I get completely swamped. The other morning General Hughes handed me over a letter he had received, and said, "Read that." I thought he simply meant me to look it through as a matter of interest, but when I finished he wanted it translated to him. I sat down with the diction-

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ary and looked up the dozen words I couldn't guess at, and at last gave him a sensible though inelegant translation. The letter was a trifle puzzling, as it was written by a native in Spanish with Togali spelling. I still have a thing or two to learn before I apply for any of the interpreters' positions. The inclosed ticket and programme of the Filipino theater may interest you. Riordan, an assistant engineer civilian, took me last night to the circus. It was really good. The native tumbling was well done. I send you by this mail a roll of Spanish and American Manila papers. I am not proud of the latter kind, but a little talent may be developed in the future. I don't feel a bit like an A.B., or B.A., is it? Perhaps when I have seen the sheepskin I may swell a trifle on the strength of my liberal education.

Manila, P. I., October 30, 1898.

I have seen Mrs. R—— out here, whom we met so pleasantly in Honolulu. She is the wife of Colonel R——, of the Thirteenth Minnesota, who since the "battle" of Manila has been a Brigadier-General. They live just outside the city to the south, and I shall enjoy accepting the kind lady's invitation to call. General R—— has been appointed Deputy Provost Marshal General, so I frequently catch a glimpse of him in General Hughes' office. Mrs. R—— reached here three or four weeks ago on a transport which brought some Red Cross nurses. I met her last week walking in the Luneta—the sea drive. I had not realized till then how much we were isolated, for it was the greatest treat to see and talk with an

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American lady. The really nice-appearing Spanish women persistently turn up their noses in disgust at the Americans, and as I do not fancy the advances of the native dames, I had begun to feel no-class socially in spite of myself. You don't know how it braced me up to receive recognition from a real American lady.

I inclose a license for building. I think it is worth keeping, among other things, for the interesting internal revenue stamp at the top of the paper. My Filipino brought it to me the other day with much pleasure. He had unearthed it somewhere about the building. To-day he came in with some mint slips, also some toothache-plant slips, which he wanted me to plant with my palms. He is very watchful and careful of me, and is vastly pleased when I give him a lift in learning English. He can read and write Spanish rather well, but I fear he has a long road to travel to the English. The other day he was talking on about himself. It seems he is an odd thirty-six years old, is married, and has two girls. He lost a son. He supports himself and family on ten dollars Mexican per month, and is altogether the steadiest and most respected native about here. He hoped last month to get a position at the Palace of the Governor-General for ten dollars a month and keep, and he asked me for a certificate. I wrote him out a good one, but the place has not yet been opened to him. My fees for extra services rendered, which amount to perhaps one dollar or one dollar and a half more per month, make him so devoted in his attentions that it

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would be hard to drive him away. The highest military court here, "The Military Commission," is engaged at present on a murder trial. A Filipino lieutenant was killed by a crowd of Spanish soldiers, and the man up for trial was one of the crowd, and was seen by American soldiers jumping and stamping on the body of the lieutenant after the latter had been felled by a rock on the back of his head. The man will be pretty surely convicted, but the case must go before the President before the Spaniard can be executed. A North Dakota captain is prosecuting attorney, and an officer from the Thirteenth Minnesota is counsel for the defense. The former appears to know some law, and the latter to be a cheerful and more or less clever bluffer. M——, a fellow I know in the Oregon regiment, is orderly, or bailiff, or whatever you choose to call him, for the court.

HUNTINGTON.

Manila, P. I., October 30, 1898.

There is a good deal of typhoid out here. The difficulty does not seem to be so much in the treatment of the fever, as they can keep that down with ice-baths and various modern methods of treatment, but the return of strength is very slow, and in this climate there is nothing to help a man to recuperate. However, they are doing all that they can; and a convalescent hospital, established near the bay where it gets the sea-breezes, will doubtless help in lowering the death-rate.

You speak of the cigar of the Manilan and you touch on a large subject here. Truly, they are

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good, plentiful, and cheap. For two cents (American) you can get a delicious small cigar, and for five or six cents you can buy the best big ones any one wants to smoke. Just this morning the General was talking on the subject. He says that the tobacco-filling is the same, practically, for all the cigars are made on the island; the only difference is in the manufacture and wrapper. The cigar he likes best is a rather small brand that you get for \$1.20 for fifty. I can certify that it is a very decent smoke. Everybody smokes here. The gay native belle walks the street with a great cigar-stub hanging out of the corner of her mouth, and even the little children play with lighted cigarettes in their faces. The climate makes a good deal of smoking, if not beneficial, certainly non-injurious. I wish that I could send you a few samples.

Manila, P. I., November 3, 1898.

Again a mail is expected to leave for the States via Hong-Kong, and I have a chance to speak into the transmitter at my end of the line, and only wish I could hear you answer *right away*.

This afternoon as I was talking with good Mr. Brooks about India, Mr. Bass, the correspondent of "Harper's Weekly," came in inquiring for me. He had been out to the troop to look me up and came to ask me to dinner on Tuesday night. You may be sure I was not slow in accepting. It was very kind of him, wasn't it? You see he is a civilian and can do things.

But I have not thanked you for getting my discharge. I knew that if you thought it desirable

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you would get it; but I was quite ready to wait until January first to hear by mail of your reasons for not thinking it the best thing. The promptness of its coming is like the love behind it. No check that I have ever drawn on it has gone to protest. This is true both literally and figuratively.

Manila, P. I., November, 3, 1898.

I think I wrote you on Sunday of the call I had from Mr. Bass, the correspondent of "Harp-er's Weekly." The inclosed card I found on my desk Tuesday evening when I was returning about six to dress for dinner. It sounds odd for a private to dress for dinner, but the operation is simple—one fresh suit of white sheeting plus one pair of white canvas shoes. Mrs. Bass was waiting in the canomota when Mr. Bass came up to fetch me for the dinner, about seven. I should have been much disappointed to miss seeing the decoration of the cemetery had I not already been out there. My Indian told me it was a sight worth seeing on November 1, All Souls' Day.

We, Mr. and Mrs. Bass and "yours in haste," drove over to the Escolta and had a very nice little Spanish dinner at the French restaurant. The table was out on a balcony overlooking the river and the stream of life over the Puerta de Espana. After dinner they proposed that we should go to the Filipino theater which had just opened. It was really interesting. The house, or rather the shed, was crowded with natives out to the bamboo stockade. We were passed in with much graciousness and bowing by an insurgent

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lieutenant. The manager brought three big wicker chairs and set them in the middle of the aisle, and the crowd, after a good look at us, turned its attention to the play. There was much music and some singing and some slow and graceless native dancing; otherwise the performance consisted of loud and impassioned repetitions of the prompter's words by ladies and gentlemen who walked the boards in tragic grandeur. As the muses spoke their lines in Tagalog, we were in the dark as to much of the plot; still, we guessed at the general lines of the story.

He drove me back after the performance even to my own door. And in the words of the good Rollo "thus ended a most pleasant and instructive evening."

November 11.

Yesterday the joyful mail came. It is a refreshment to the spirit, and I only want the power to answer over or through the world direct. The time it takes these mails is wretchedly long; the letter with the latest date is one from C—the 30th of September. I was much touched with little Alice's pin-holder. You do appreciate the childhood possible in American homes when you see the contrast here. There is affection and much tenderness, but so pitifully little chance for "sweetness and light" among a people so poor that decency is only within the reach of a few. The poor natives have asked bread of State and Church, and have been plundered by the former and fooled and debauched by the latter. You are all the time meeting cases where persistent

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effort and much faithfulness have brought only enough to starve on—thanks to the tax-collector and the padre.

But this will reach you in the joyful Christmas season. And again in this joy I feel that I can more heartily than ever be glad and give thanks for the blessed Christ ideal that came into this world two thousand years ago. That ideal embodied in his personality, I believe, is going to conquer and hold these islands, whether or not America be his missionary.

November 12.

I had decided to make some change in my boarding arrangements the first of the month, but the plan of living in a Spanish house did not seem practicable, and so I have given it up. My Bonifacio, alias John, suggested that he get my breakfast for me in my room. So I tried this arrangement, keeping on at the majordomo's mess for two meals a day. John's breakfasts at ten cents apiece are a grand success. He makes a fine cup of coffee, into which I beat one raw egg. This plus two buns is all I need, and far superior to what I was getting at the mess. John is pleased as Punch to do it, and has the meal ready promptly when I return from my shower-bath. Isn't this Oriental luxury for a private? Monday, the seventh, I made another change, and took board for dinner and supper with a company of the Twenty-third Regiment Infantry that is quartered in the Treasury building, one block from here. For this I pay at the rate of seven dollars per month. The company lives well, and I am en-

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joying the army cooking after a little too much poor Spanish cooking. I make money on the arrangement to boot. A week ago Friday I went to the native stores where the best native cloth was to be had. I send by this mail samples of it.

On Sunday last I went out and took dinner with the troop. They are living in very comfortable quarters, and are feeding much better. The Captain called me up to him and had quite a talk on things in general and my own welfare in particular. He said, among other things that if I would return to my troop he would give me the chance of being made a corporal next month. He explained the advantages of the position, chief among which was that I need do no more kitchen "police." I thanked him very kindly and said that I should take until next month to consider the proposition—with his permission. This seemed satisfactory. And so at last military advancement seems thrust upon me! If I took the position, I would be the first recruit non-com in our troop. I told the General the next morning very seriously that I might ask him to return me to my troop. He looked up quickly, and I said I had the chance of promotion. When he heard the full brilliancy of my prospects, he leaned back and laughed long and merrily, and said, "Now, whatever you do, don't let this military glory turn your head." I promised. If you think well of my being discharged I shall not have to meet the question. But if not, I think I shall probably accept the position offered, even though it means less comfort

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and more work and not a little unpopularity. But I have some weeks to go before I get to my bridge.

Office of the Military Governor in the
Philippine Islands,
Manila, November 19, 1898.

I have changed my office for a day or two, and am at present assisting Captain M——, General Otis's aide. One of the clerks in his office is sick and until the new man is broken in, I am on hand to help. General Hughes made tender of my services to the Governor-General, and I am glad to be obliging to my General in this indirect way. My work here in the office has consisted wholly of typewriting—translations of letters and briefs of letters received. I think after my former mode of life I would find many weeks of this rather confining, but for a change I rather like it. General Otis keeps very long hours, getting to his office before eight and not leaving, as a rule, till after six, with no time for nooning. He expects his immediate clerks to be here all that time. Then he works all day Sunday, and while there is very little business done, still everybody must be on hand.

You will like to know that the weather is cooler, and that the dry season is due in a week or ten days. We have been having rain by the three and four days together. I am well as I could wish to be, and have had no suggestion of a return of malaria. We feel very serious concern for the Paris deliberations. It is practically settled, I suppose, that we keep the islands, but I do hope that the negotiations will be carried on

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not in a high-handed way on our side. If we are not able to stand victory and to be magnanimous and generous I think we need a little defeat medicine. I have read with great interest two able utterances of an annexationist on this island problem. They made me realize that I had, in my thoughts, been giving too much weight to the suffering and sickness and death of our men, necessitated in the conquest and retention of these islands, and too little to the gains that would come to our commerce and to these Indians' souls. I don't know that I am quite an annexationist even now, but I think I see much more in the other side than I did.

Manila, P. I., November 25, 1898.

Thanksgiving Day, yesterday, was somewhat unlike the conventional celebration. I spent the day very quietly. The noon dinner with "C" Company of the Twenty-third was remarkable for the abundance and quality of its menu—roast chicken, potatoes, onions and radishes, coffee and milk; and for dessert, jelly tarts and canned peaches. And still they talk of the hardships of army life! Of course we will make up for the feast by weeks of extra plain living. The Government makes no special provision for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. In the afternoon I slept until Knapp wandered in about four, and after a good long chat we went out to dinner at the English Hotel. Knapp had to return to his troop a little after eight. It is perhaps a little hard to remember the true meaning of the day out here—

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not because we lack causes for thankfulness, but rather because the environment is not associated with Thanksgiving.

Manila, P. I., November 28, 1898.

My order for discharge has come, and through your kindness I am once more in prospect of gaining my civil rights. I can hardly realize that my soldier experience is almost over; but I am glad that it is so. If I looked forward to the kind of work we have out here now, I should want to prepare myself for it by a course on the West Point plan. As it is, I am convinced that what training I have, which my life so far has been spent in gaining, is not available for the Government's service. I should either know *more* or *less*. I think the General was right in saying that in this military government out here there was no place for me unless I had a commission. You will like to know how I got the news. On Saturday afternoon, Captain M——, General Otis's aide, sent for me and gave me some trifling bit of work to do, and incidentally asked if I had heard that an order had come from Washington for my discharge. He was smiling all over, and enjoyed seeing me "take the news." I told him that I had heard nothing, to which he felt bound to reply in a perfunctory manner that he should not have mentioned it, as the order was not out yet—one polite military lie.

General Hughes seems as well satisfied as I and in speaking to him of my plan to go home via India, I said that in case my finals were not paid here I should ask him for an advance of \$100

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until I could receive a remittance from you. The gentleman said, "I have five months pay coming to me and you can have whatever amount you want up to \$1000. It will be a convenience to me to have you take it, because I have been wanting to send some money to my sisters, and this will save me all the trouble of exchange." All I could think was that it was quite like the General.

My order of discharge, which I got this morning reads:

(Special Orders No. 119, §8.) Pursuant to telegraphic instructions from the Adjutant-General of the Army, dated November 25, 1898, Private Eliphalet H. Blatchford, Troop E, Fourth United States Cavalry, will be discharged from the service of the United States. The Quartermaster's Department will furnish transportation to this soldier to San Francisco, Cal., from which point he is entitled to travel-pay to place of enlistment.

By command of Major-General Otis.

THOMAS H. BARY,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official.

(Signed) L. P. SANDERS, Aid.

Manila, P. I.

First I will get an order relieving me from duty here and sending me back to the troop before I act on the foregoing.

Manila, P. I., December 1, 1898.

No longer can you address your son as "Private," because he can show you his discharge, which says that he is no longer bound in any way to the Army of the United States.

HUNTINGTON.

Letters From Manila to Canton

Hong-Kong, China, Dec. 17th, 1898.

NO longer a trooper, but rather a bagman, has got thus far on his journeys. To think a twelve month ago that I should be writing you from Hong-Kong. The reflection is cheap, but somehow I don't get over it. Every now and again I have to feel myself to realize that I am in China. Manila was a thing by itself. China is the Orient.

Saturday evening, before leaving Manila, I had at dinner at the English Hotel seven members of the troop—Knapp and six others. It was a little good-bye spread we had thought of when it was possible that Knapp would get his discharge with mine; and the plan was carried out, though one, and not two, of us was going. The company consisted of three of the fellows who came on with us from New York to Frisco, and three others. Saddler Jones, Weaver—a Welsh miner—and “my friend”—an Englishman of good heart, though given to drink. He got his name because once at the Presidio I asked the loan of his cape. He said, “You can have anything I have, boy.” Since then Knapp always called him “Your Friend.” The crowd was a funny one—the strangest table I ever sat at. And yet the fellowship was genuine, and I shall be glad to meet all

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the chaps again some day. I hope they don't all come to the house together before I get back. You might be bewildered.

Sunday, Knapp and I wandered out together, taking lunch at "Noah's Ark," and at the same place in the evening. I entertained, beside Mr. Knapp, Messrs. Greefkins and Wahl—two fellows I have seen something of since I was detailed. The former is a Dutchman, and at present is the head clerk in the Treasury. The other is a German hospital corps man, and steward in the surgeon's office next to mine at Headquarters. He has been very nice to me, and among other things has fitted me out for my trip with a medicine chest—protecting me against more sickness than I expect in ten years. Around the table were English, Belgian, German and American, and still no fighting. On my way home I stopped in to say good-bye to my friends, the Garcias, the Spanish people I know. They seemed surprised at my going, although I had told them. The parting at last was short and sweet and I left them with many expressions of regard, and cordial hopes of never returning. Whether I ever see them again or not, I shall always remember them as curious and kindly people.

Monday morning I invested in a big sack—much like a mail bag, locked at the mouth—to carry my clothes in. You will laugh when you see it.

The launch was to leave for the Esmeralda at 4:30, and the time till then was taken up with packing, saying good-bye to the General and

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getting from Capt. Murray a permission of the Military Governor to leave town. I was accompanied to the wharf by Greefkins and Corp. Morrow of the Oregon. Knapp had to drill—drill that he could not miss, as it was the day on which he was made Corporal! I was much pleased at his promotion, as you can think. About five I said good-bye to the two friends, and the little launch slipped down the Pasig to the Bay and up to the side of the U. S. Esmeralda, a small freighter with cabin attachment. We steamed out into the sunset, wending our way through the transports and colliers. It was after dinner, and just as I was concluding to go to bed, that we passed Corregidor with its white and red flash light, left the Bay of the Islands behind and felt for the roll and heave of the sea—the Sea of China in one northeast monsoon.

I was asleep before the motion began to tell, but oh, next morning! The little boat did grand sea work, and the feat of balancing on stern, stem and beam ends in quick succession I never saw better done. But away with the thought of breakfast! Toast and tea were almost too much. Lunch I made a break at, but left when one-half over, having barked my knee, banged my head, and made the Chinamen laugh, in the process of escaping from the wretched little cabin. Supper?—No! Breakfast next morning—a little better, thank you. Lunch and dinner—very low—barely able to doze in bunk and keep from rolling out. Why does John come every meal to ask if I'll have something to eat? I read little by little the

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copies of the papers Papa sent. I liked the marked articles, but dislike the "paper" more than ever, perhaps because of the rough sea. Thursday the sea was a little smoother and the sun came out in good shape. Resolved to take all further meals on trip. A discharged hospital steward that I met the first evening showed up Thursday for the first time—very brisk and lively. He was grieved to find that I had beaten him out by two unhappy meals. The morning was fresh to the point of coldness, and the wind had no respect for my khaki. Resolved on the spot to buy furs on reaching Hong-Kong. The six Spanish friars with chattering teeth asked us if California was like this. My friend the steward lies kindly, but I tell them the truth, that this is warm to the bleak winds of Frisco. I thought one of them would pass away in the ensuing chill—a poor silly Recoletos brother who had apparently lost his vitality, brains, and teeth in sixteen years of Philippine sun.

We sailed into the harbor of Hong-Kong past the rocky islands and fishing junks and came to our moorings about half past 3 Thursday afternoon. The city was already in shadow, the sun streaming over the grand "Peak" and striking out into the Bay. To realize the look of the place, imagine a city of fine business- and dwelling-houses stuck on the side of a Mt. Desert mountain running them down into the sea. This is the first effect. As a matter of fact, there is a somewhat broad, level stretch before the hill rises. It is a place that rouses one's interest at once. My first desire was to climb to the

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Peak, two thousand feet high. But first we had to get ashore. The moment our engines stopped, a swarm of boatmen came aboard and urged their services upon us. I was proof against them until captured by a wholly masterful Chinese woman, who shouldered my bag and insisted upon my following her sampan. My friend, the steward, came too, and we found ourselves being carried rapidly to the quay, sculled by the above mentioned Chinese lady, and rowed by her daughter. If you had watched our guardian angel lightly throw our grips out of the sampan's hold onto the dock, and then hand us ashore and do us for double the proper fare, you would have ceased worrying about woman's rights in China, at least boat-woman's rights. (This diary letter goes by Frisco. My next will go around the other way. Hurrah!)

Hong-Kong, China, December 16th.

The weather is cool and invigorating; proper October weather with a bit of haze in the air, but with none of the Manila mugginess. I woke up out of a deep sleep with that delicious feeling of being miles and miles away from surroundings. I shivered through my bath only to shiver in my Manila khaki. I was not long in taking the hint, and after breakfast I negotiated with a Chinaman to build me a suit of blue serge (price \$16.00 Mex.), and clothed thus I hope to see you next spring. At the steamship offices I found that the boat I wanted was the P. & C.'s Coromandel, leaving the 24th. This gives me a longer time in Hong-Kong than I planned, but with the moun-

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tains and the sea and the coolness I could be happy here for a month.

The look of the town is striking. The business buildings along the water front and Queen's road are big and not a little ornamented, but far from imposing. The really striking part is John Chinaman in this European setting. He hangs his signs and his clothes from balconies and in doorways that were never intended for Chinese occupation. John needs a narrow street to be wholly filled with his swarming life, but he does his best to make the broad business roads of Hong-Kong seem homelike. And the roadways carry the business of a bustling city without the horse. His place is taken by the barefooted coolie who carries or drags you and your wares. Our first experience with the jinriksha was this Friday morning when we ferried across the bay to Kewloon and found a line of them waiting to receive us. Like proper infants abroad, we climbed into our baby carriages and tried hard not to look foolish as the bare-legged coolies trotted off with us. It went well enough until we came to a slight rise in the road, and then the situation of the husky, long-legged trooper being dragged in a go-cart by a scrap of a yellow fellow quite destroyed all pretense of dignity, and the whole business became a farce. Our little men trotted on with us by a road along the bay shore to the Kewloon docks, where they cleverly guessed we wished to go. We dismounted, or rather were gently dumped forward over the shafts, and walked with all dignity into the dockyard. My friend Springer in

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his blue uniform with large red cross and green stripes on his arm gave us the proper official flavor, so the stately Indian doorkeepers did not question me. The yard is alive with industry to a deafening extent. The army of workmen pounding and tinkering the iron merchantmen and men-of-war, improve their splendid chance of racket making. In the dry dock H. M. S. Centurion was lying. The gate had been opened and the splendid 10,000-ton battleship was once more in her element and preparing to move to her anchorage in the bay. We watched the braces knocked away, and saw the coolies pull her out with rope and capstan. Two German men-of-war were being overhauled—the Kaiserin Augusta of Manila fame and another cruiser. These docks are the largest on the China Station, and all the big boats have to come here, but even here the tremendous battleship Victorious can find no rest, and it is quite a problem where to lay her 15,000 tons of bulk at bottom cleaning time. She is said to need the scraping now, but her draught even at the highest tide makes docking at Kewloon dangerous if not impossible. From across the bay we could hear tiffin calling us, and we by 'ricksha and ferry hastened back to our own grill room. I find I have the same trouble here that I have at home of a Christmas vacation—trouble in putting the knife to my throat—you see cool weather and good food make an unprofitable boarder of an ex-soldier. Is my argument clear?

The Peak attracted us in the afternoon. We had our third specimen of Hong-Kong conveyance

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as we swung and bounced to the train station in sedan chairs. Of the harbor sampan, the 'ricksha and the carried chair, I like the last least. The theory of it and also the motion in practice don't appeal to me. It is a poor but a cheap luxury. The cable railroad up the mountain does the next thing to going straight up. As the car tilts to an angle of say forty-five degrees, you are reminded of the Mt. Washington lady and the conductor, who was a mind-reader. When ascending the railway to the summit the lady asked, "Oh, conductor, what would happen if this brake gave way?" "That would depend, madam, upon your past life." Springer somewhere in his experience fell off the roof and lost his liking for high places, so the fifteen-minute ride was rather hard for him. He liked looking up the grade ahead only less than looking back at the city below us, and when he shut his eyes he liked it least of all. However, the guard assured us that the car would stop promptly even if the rope did break, and we held our peace and gripped our seats, not being in a position to tell him he lied. We left the train only to find that the Peak with its signal pole still towered above us and a winding roadway beckoned us on. Another fifteen minutes' walk and we were on the top, surrounded by a fascinating panorama. At our feet to the north was Hong-Kong with its solid mass of buildings near the harbor, and its scattered villas climbing up the hillside. Beyond the bay, with its fleet of war and merchant vessels, stretched the ragged coastline of the mainland, and the Kewloon and other

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settlements occupying the more level land between the sea and the mountain.

Toward the northwest you can follow the Chinese coast as far as the soft haze will let you. Turning to the south you survey the crown colony of Victoria, the wonderfully hilly and picturesque island that England has taken as her base for Southern China. Down the valleys and over the tops of lower hills you see the surrounding coast line and the outlying islets. Only to the east is the view blocked by the hills, for in this direction is the island's longest extent. The prospect lacks surely the first order of grandeur, but its "comprehensible diversity" goes far towards compensating for the lack. I am loath to leave the Peak, for the sun is bringing out in bold perspective every spire and summit with its slanting rays, throwing the depressions of the hills into dark shadows.

Brother Springer is dreading the trip down, but longs to hurry back and have it over and stand once more on sea level. Contrary to expectation the rope didn't break, but let us down the steep hillside into the town "without a jar."

On our way by an island street we stopped to inspect a rope-walk where a community of perhaps twenty made their living by twisting a kind of rattan rope. Here again I saw what had impressed me among the boat people, that the Chinaman himself not only gives all his strength to his business, but utilizes every member of his family, sparing only the old people. In the sampans—harbor boats—John takes the laboring oar, his

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wife steers and sculls at the same time while the eight year old daughter pulls an oar in the bow, the five year old boy manages the sail, and also has a light oar, and the only idle body is the twelve months' boy who solemnly eyes the passengers. You are convinced that not a cat-power of this family's strength is wasted. So, too, in the rope walk, children, women and all made rope.

Hong-Kong, December 18th.

I wrote to Corp. Knapp before I went to the 11 o'clock service at the Cathedral. I could join in much of the service and thoroughly enjoyed doing so. There was no sermon. They sang, "Rejoice, Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel," to the tune that Ned knows and likes. I did pretty well in keeping my Prayer-book places: I believe Uncle Sam and Cousin Susie would have been satisfied.

I returned to the Cathedral for "Even-song" and again was fortunate in striking a familiar hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," to the new tune we use. I could have easily missed the discourse, but the worship of the service was refreshing to the spirit (as F. says) and you know I hadn't the chance to overdo Church attendance in Manila. Springer went to the Methodist Church and I went to bed.

Hong-Kong, December 19th.

The day was spent in shopping and writing. Bro. Springer bought much silver and silk to take to his friends, and I squandered my money on clothing, which I need to complete my outfit.

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In spite of a little reluctance I took Brother Springer for a scramble on the mountain side. More charming walks it would be hard to find. Bordered by trees and shrubs and ferns in tropical plenty, the winding pathway gives you views of the harbor and the changing hillside, and, when you are shut in by the trees, you are recalled to the large variety of mosses and ferns and hanging parasites and flowering shrubs that stretch away in the forest up and down the hill, growing quite naturally at their own sweet will. On coming down we found ourselves at the athletic grounds which cover the biggest flat area on the island. We did not stop to watch the football and cricket and golf and hockey that were going on, but under the earnestly expressed advice of my friend of the medical profession we rode home. The Doctor thought the two-mile walk might prove dangerous.

At half past five in the evening we left by the "Powan," the night boat for Canton. The weather was a bit thick and the little American stove in the cabin was rather comfortable. It is a fine line of boats, these running to Canton and Macao. They remind me of our Sound boats, only on a smaller scale. Very few passengers were making the trip Monday night—not a trace of a "Cooky" in sight.

There was an English fellow who had been a broker in India and China for the last ten years or so. We walked the deck after dinner and discussed English and American relations in a painfully cordial way. He was a truly inter-

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esting and amusing chap, a type of the brandy-and-soda club man in the East.

Canton, China, December 20th.

We did not come alongside the dock until 6, because of the Chinese customs. The boat was hardly still when a head was stuck in our window and a request came from the owner to engage him as a guide. After a dicker we contracted with Ah Yew to provide sedan chairs and show us through Canton, returning us to our boat before it started back at 4:30.

It was 9:30 when we got down to business. Ah Yew, clothed in an extra fine pig tail and black brocade gown, led the way in a closed sedan chair. We followed in open ones that satisfied the natural curiosity of the people and ourselves. Each chair was carried by three bearers, two in front and one behind. As soon as we left the dock we entered what I thought an alley, but which proved to be a street of more than average width. In the narrow street I could reach out and touch both sides, and in the broadest the pedestrians have to squeeze against the walls when two chairs pass. Horses and animal traction of all kinds are out of the question. Even the 'ricksha finds the roads too rough and crowded. So the transportation is on coolie back with no other alternative for the sensitive traveler. But the teeming life of the streets! The endless crowd that hurries and pushes on, heedless of the shouts of the chairmen and the yells of the vendors, and the coolies with their loads of boxes and baskets. One could

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reach out his hand and greet the merchant behind his counter without moving from one's chair, for the streets are lined with shops and the keepers push their trade as much as possible out into the street.

Our first stop, when the guide at the head of the procession was let down and we followed, was at a jewelry factory where they imitated enamel with king-fisher feathers, and got a blue more charming than the enamel. We were urged to buy, and we did—that is, I did—very moderately. This shop was followed by several others where we saw painting on rice paper, silk brocade weaving, ivory and stone cutting. One place, where they sold silks and embroideries that had been bought in at an overdue pledge sale, very nearly ruined us. Springer bought quite heavily, and I lost my head to the extent of five dollars; after that I was firm.

We were shown three temples—the Doctor's Temple, the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii and the Chun Ancestor Temple. The Doctor seemed popular, for only here were any number of worshippers. Built in memory of a famous physician, the people have made a splendid pile wherein to worship the Doctor and pray for his healing power. If the Doctor was a man of medicine, it must grieve him to see the lame and the blind drawing their prescriptions in a lottery. But perhaps the present method is following out his system—he, too, may have been a fake or a patent-medicine man. In one court of the building is an altar on which to burn the paper model

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of your bad-luck angel. In the next room you pray for good luck, and the little gods seated in a circle give you answer through the curved sticks, an improved method of flipping the penny. You can't help wondering what kind of a chap the Doctor was.

The five hundred Genii are five hundred gilded statues of the sitting Buddha, no two alike, all variously ugly. The Chun Ancestor Temple is the most gorgeous and sumptuous building that we saw. Wood-work and clay-work and stone-work all go to make an honorable shrine for your dead relatives. If you are rich, you get your name stuck up on a bit of wood in a first class alcove; otherwise, you take a second class or third class—or stay away. Then came the cemetery—the rich cemetery. There was a lot going on here of varied and bizarre nature. Before the little rooms that held the closed sealed bodies of the dead, the living relatives placed tissue paper houses and furniture and real food, and prayed to the dead via an Edison Phonograph, and sung, too, and in fact tried in every way to make it pleasant for the departed. We could not stop to see how it was all received. In going out we had to pass before a line of some twenty Buddhist priests who were making a recessional for their service in the Chapel. They were good-natured looking devils, and they managed to point and laugh at us and pray at the same time. It was only a short climb from here up onto the city wall and to the top of the five-story pagoda, where we had tiffin. After we absorbed most of the lunch we had brought and

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also some fresh tea, I found eyes and ears for my environment. We looked out straight over the city, a mass of housetops with the sky-line broken by the graceful "flowery pagoda" and the misplaced gothic Church of the Catholics; in the distance was the river. On either hand, the wall rose and fell and twisted and turned about the city. It is a grand old wall. I should think not an unworthy brother of the "Great Wall."

On toward 3, we started down to the city, and we had time only for a hurried look at the Water Clock on the walls. The clock has not been ticking, but dripping, for the last three thousand years, let us say, and still our guide told the time within three minutes. That beats a Waterbury. The H_2O trickles from one black jar into another until the right trickle is obtained and in the last jar the indicator rises and drops every twelve hours. The water is drawn off by siphon every half day.

We were back to the boat in time for a nearer view of the river life. The floating population is perhaps one hundred thousand, and these people literally float all the time; in fact, they are not allowed to live permanently ashore. The river is not wide here between Macao and Canton. Macao is the Brooklyn of Canton, and it is quite crowded with boats. The shore is lined with flower boats—house-boats of the most magnificent pattern. In and around and under these, the small-fry craft struggle and push. "China's Millions" is a phrase with a meaning now. The boat pulled out at 4:30 and we watched the flat and fertile

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banks of the Pearl River and the passing junks until the wind and rain drove us indoors where we again appreciated the little American stove.

Hong-Kong, China, December 21.

This day I "booked" by the "Coromandel" for Colombo. I have gone on trying to complete my wardrobe. It is somewhat of a job when you have to supply yourself with everything from a collar button up—or down!

Saw Springer leave on the "City of Rio de Janeiro." When I had come ashore and dined I let myself loose on the hillside and walked till dark. It doesn't much matter where I went, just wandered at a gait of four and a half miles per hour.

Letters From Canton to Calcutta

Hong-Kong, December 24th.

AT noon the boat "Coromandel" left. The second salooners are a small company, planter from the sea islands off New Guinea, a Russian navy lieutenant, and a young English fellow who has been traveling in Japan. There are others whose voices I hear, but who do not grace the board. I forgot a Chinese gentleman who goes to Penang. He eats with us and it is a bit hard to keep one's eyes off him. The way he spoons his soup fascinates me. He is withal a picturesque feature with his silk pajama suit, American straw hat, pig tail, and sneakers.

A little after noon, just before the mails were put on, I came into contact with the English planter, whom I grew to like very much. He has the room across the passage from mine, and this is the way, from being near neighbors, that we came to know each other. His name is Wickham—a direct descendant of William of Wickham—a perfect gentleman in bearing and manner, and a well-salted tropical planter in appearance. He has spent his life near the line, beginning in the early sixties when he was a boy of eighteen by gathering rubber in Central and South America. He became an expert in Para rubber and was the first to successfully bring it to England, which

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he did in '76, working under a commission from Kew. From these seeds grew the trees that to-day in turn are supplying the British Colonies with seeds, so Bro. Wickham can rightfully be called the father of English rubber planting. He has since then held office in the civil service in Australia, and five years ago he got a concession of a group of islands, the Conflict Group, off the Eastern coast of New Guinea, where he has, single-handed, cleared the land and started planting rubber and cocoanuts. I say single-handed, because he has no European with him, and has had to teach the New Guinea boys from the mainland everything. He is a tall, square-shouldered man, with finely marked, intelligent face, iron gray hair and mustache, and a skin of reddish brown that has been burned and tanned and tanned and burned until it has got a seasoned color that won't run. An odd forty years of contact with fevers, from Yellow Jack to plain malaria, has stripped him in face and figure of all superfluous meat, and he is what he appears, a wiry strong old man. He knows his way around the world but not according to Cook's tours. He loves England second only to his religion, and indeed England is part of his religion. Probably there was another love somewhere in his life, but it has left a touch of melancholy, and no bitterness. I was immensely attracted to the Sahib, and more than sorry to leave him at Colombo.

The Russian lieutenant was the other one I got to like much. As genuine as the Englishman and yet with a fresh idealism that you hardly

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looked for after seven years in the navy. He is going home to Petersburg now, from Port Arthur, and he is struggling with himself whether he can stay an officer under a government which he recognizes as far from ideal, or, to be more accurate, whether he can follow the Prince of Peace as a lieutenant in the Russian war machine. The three-cornered talks, British, Russian, American, last into the night and often begin again before breakfast. My chief joy is doubles or triplets with one or both of these chaps.

December 26th.

We have been making fine time running before a northeasterly monsoon. There is a lot of motion, but it is easy and regular. We met a tramp to-day who was running her bows under and thrashing the water astern with her spinning propeller. She really made a lot of fuss over the sea, while we could hang over the starboard second class railing and smile. Such a difference does direction make.

I jotted down in my diary some of the subjects under consideration today by the triangular league: Art for art's sake; pure realism; ideal basis or lack of basis for copyrights; basis of national cohesion, racial or geographical, illustrated by England and the Transvaal.

Singapore, December 29th.

The entrance to the harbor, which is the strait between the island of Singapore and the mainland, is difficult and tortuous. We passed several British men-of-war in the outer bay, and tied up

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to our dock about 8. The vegetation is wonderful in its color and plentifulness. Palms of all kinds and small-fry of tropical plants everywhere. There is the greatest abundance of rain on the Peninsula, and, of course, it is Far South here in Singapore, only about fifteen geographical minutes from the Equator. Isn't this the nearest to the line that any of our family have ever been? Wickham has asked me to go with him to the Botanical Gardens (which are the pride of Singapore) to see some of his rubber trees. We took a ghani and drove the two or three miles over the smoothest and loveliest of roads. John Chinaman seems almost as plentiful here as the Malay, and certainly vastly more industrious and rich.

The gardens we found charming. We made for the curator and at last found the assistant. He was a bit crusty at first, but agreed to take us around to see the rubber trees. He gradually warmed up to the subject, and when he found he had an authority in Wickham, he sat at his feet and gladly got instruction. Wickham fondled the rubber trees with a fatherly affection, and when he found they had been bleeding them by gashing the bark in a "barbarous and cruel way" he went for the assistant curator and gave him straight talk and the curator meekly remarked at the end of the lecture that he would do Wickham's way next time. Then we were shown the splendid work they are doing in experimenting with the plants for the planters of the Malay Peninsula. It was a pleasure to hear the two authorities discuss coffee and tea and cinchona

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and rubber and all manner of tropical things. I listened and wondered. When we started to go, towards 1 o'clock, the curator had grown so affable that he took us to his bungalow and showed us the baby and gave us drink and urged us to stay to tiffin (we could not accept the latter—it was too much).

Back we went to the town—"peighi Singapore," drive to the town, pronounced *piggy* Singapore. We chose a not too pretentious hostelry for tiffin, the Hotel de la Paix. But we were not to tiffin here. After the manager had shown us where to wash our hands and pointed us to the dining room, a stout virago of a woman stalked up to the little man who came trembling over to us and said: "There is no room at the tables. I hope the gentlemen know that I am simply a manager *without power*. She—she there runs the place. A manager without power, gentlemen. I hope you understand." We pitied him, standing there with his arms stretched in a gesture of helplessness. The female boss didn't like our clothes, and I suppose thought the high tone of her house and her guests might be lowered by the presence of a "bushman" and a "trooper." We reassured the manager and told him that we would not further jeopardize the highly respectable reputation of the Hotel de la Paix. We were somewhat put to it, and as we walked about I thought of Charley and me begging for a lodging in the "great pie belt," but this was only a tiffin! At last we ran into our Russian friend who was just from his lunch. He directed us to Hotel de

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l'Europe, where they received us with open arms, and we found by the price of the meal and the presence of the American "cookies" that this was *the* hotel of the port. Now, what ailed the Paix house?

We got on several new passengers at Singapore in our saloon, and the Cook's tourists in the first were made glorious by the presence of the Count of Turin, plus his suite, who goes from hunting in Siam to pursue the game of Central Ceylon.

I have a nice red-haired Scotch engineer in the cabin with me. He is going home on leave from the lines of North Borneo. He is no end glad at the prospect of Glasgow, but he has a beastly toothache meanwhile. I *almost* wish I were a dentist! We sail in sight of the Malay coast, though we have lost Sumatra. The variable winds and waves keep up.

December 31st.

We reached Penang shortly after 2 P. M., and the notice was posted that the boat would leave at 6 the same evening. Bro. Wickham, having no rubber interests, stayed aboard and the Russian and I went ashore and out to the Botanical Gardens, a lovely spot. It is surrounded by jungle hills on three sides. At the end of the little paradise valley a waterfall comes cascading down, half hid by the bush. We climbed up till we were in the spray. By the side of a stone basin which receives the water stands a little Hindu shrine. Before it are two great date palms, sloping out toward the valley beneath, the sea beyond. A

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grand place for a shrine, and as the ragged brown boy who was with us explained, it was a "very good god, masta." The Russian, who had been in this port before, was on the lookout for the monkeys he had seen here in the jungle, and sure enough we ran across a half dozen who watched us from on high, and followed us, swinging from tree to tree. They were the oddest monkeys I ever saw—great big boys with perfectly white tonsures and white streaks in half moons about their eyes and a white line on either cheek. The rest of them was dark monkey color. They looked down at us like death's heads,—really gruesome, creepy monkeys. Would that John and Dorothy could have been there! Remember, they were wild in the jungle.

January 1st, 1899.

The first of the year was watched in by four of us, the English-Russian-American league, plus an English butler boy—who had been drinking a bit too much of the New Year and was talkative about Japan and Hertfordshire and making wine of gooseberries. We lay around in pajamas in the little smoking room till near 12, when we wandered out on deck, heard eight bells and shook hands on the New Year. The Russian will get another new year in thirteen days.

The captain read service in the first saloon at 10:45. It seems there is a bishop aboard, a colonial bishop, and Wickham felt it a burning shame that he did not do his part and say prayers. "I'll look this man up when I get home, probably drawing good pay, too." We saw our last of

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Sumatra this New Year's day, and now we are out in the open again, making nearly due west for Ceylon. The sea is quiet as a mill pond, a metaphor not literally true.

Ceylon, January 5th.

I was full of deciding. The interior of Ceylon I hear is splendid in its scenery, and interesting among other things for its tea culture. Then there are Madura and Madras, both cities I should like to visit. I went to Thos. Cook—the traveler's friend—and found routes and rates, and then I found the American Consul. An Eurasian at the desk by the door pointed me across the room to the Consul and said "Faather, here is someone to see you." The family history of the American Consul was plain. After finding that I was an American trooper, and *not* a stranded trooper, the Consul quite unbent and really became genial in a small dried-up kind of a way. He advised strongly against Madura and Madras because of the plague. He may be over-cautious, but with thirty-eight years here, he knows more than I do. So as I gave up Madras I decided to get my good P. O. rate and to sail by the Malta tomorrow noon.

I got off my mail by the "Australia" and started in search of Heib, the Y. M. C. A. secretary. I found, in a pretty little bungalow by the sea, not Heib but Mrs. Heib, who was good to the American and invited him to breakfast the next morning. I went. The two kind people were very cordial, and you don't know how I enjoyed the home part of it. Before sailing I dropped into the library and

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"got stuck" on a copy of my old friend, *The Spectator*. I had only time to buy two books of Kipling and get back to the ship.

Calcutta, January 12th.

We had an uninteresting voyage up here and arrived yesterday. I have presented my letter to Mr. White of the Y. M. C. A., and am going out this afternoon to hear an address by a distinguished Hindoo.

Darjeeling, January 18th.

Would that you were here in this glorious mountain town! I have not so much wished to share any place I have been in as I do now wish to share these views and this air. If you come be sure to bring your blanket rugs, for the temperature is about thirty degrees. Snow lies in all the sheltered corners, and before us are the grand snow-covered Himalayas. The elevation here is between six and seven thousand feet. I left Calcutta at 4:30, Monday afternoon, and reached here at 1:30, yesterday. The ride up the mountain from 7 o'clock on was splendid. A little narrow-gauge railway twists and turns and circles on itself and puffs and screams, and at last accomplishes its highest point, seven thousand four hundred feet, about three miles from here. We are three hundred feet lower. Yesterday afternoon I engaged a horse, a splendid fellow. As the distant mountains were covered with thick mist I rode about the Hill Station. The roads run up and down with a few good level stretches. The horse was full of life and jumped

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about and pulled and ran to suit the heart of any trooper. It was a grand ride, and it would have done your heart good to see how gentle the animal was when he got home. I shall stay a day longer than I planned. So far I have just had glimpses. The mountains rise in overpowering grandeur. All Wednesday night it stormed—I could hear the thunder and see the flashing of lightning as I was going to bed. The next morning when I looked out it was fairyland. Nine inches of snow had fallen, and the air was, what Mrs. Adams would call, “crinkly” clear. From my window the hills across the valley were covered with snow, and on the Darjeeling side, roofs and trees and roads were a mass of white. I got up and sent for “my” horse and rode forth. The snow was so soft that the pony did not seem to mind it, and we took a turn around the Mall that showed as grand a panorama as I have ever seen. From the Darjeeling level you cannot see Everest, but Kinchin Junga, a hill of some 28,000 feet, towers over you like a glistening cloud. I shall not try to describe it, for I should rave and use fine language and all that sort of a thing, and it was truly *grand beyond* description. In the valleys and along the foot-hills lay a thin streak of mist—waiting to be burned away by the sun, or to grow and curtain off the mountains. There was no cloud on the snow peaks, and the skyline stood out as sharp and clear as the jagged edge of Holyoke. Down in the valley the tea gardens showed their dull olive green, and in the foreground the trees, bent down with snow, framed

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in the picture. Can you see it? I walked and stopped and trotted around the Mall I suppose four times, until the dripping boughs and the restless horse reminded me of breakfast. I have been shaking hands with myself on my luck ever since, for the grand old Himalayas gave me a royal present. After breakfast, I said good-bye to the two pleasant guests of the hotel and made my way to the noon train. The clouds had not burned away, but had rather beaten out the sun, and so it was not till we had gone down two or three thousand feet that we were again in sunlight. The trip back to Calcutta was uneventful. I had a sleeping carriage to myself, and rolled up in my blanket I "magied." We crossed the Ganges just before sunrise and the sly old river looked a match for any one, with its oily smoothness, here and there broken by an eddy.

Calcutta somehow did not appeal to me. It was neither an English nor an Indian City. That, of course, is true of many of these towns, but in Calcutta the contrast between the great wealth and the style of the Europeans, and the dirt and the heathenism of the people, while picturesque, is decidedly depressing. You walk through the streets of the European part and all is western except the tint of the Hindu face and his clothes, and you begin to think that after all the East is becoming occidentalized—but let me tell you of my excursion to Khali-ghat. Mr. White advised me to go, and so I boarded a train well filled with natives, and rode to the southern part of the city. A Scotchman was the only other white man in the

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car, and after we had gone some way we got into conversation. He asked me where I was going. By his look I saw that Khali-ghat was outside of civilization. His was the last white face I saw. The car stopped at last and we all got out and followed the crowd. In through a narrow winding way we went between the houses, past a tank full of green-coated water. At this point the street was lined with beggars, male and female, old and young, each showing to the public some disgusting infirmity or deformity. There were lepers and blind men and paralytics and children minus limbs and plus sores. In short, a dreadful assortment of bodily wrecks. All these loudly and continuously besought the passing crowd. As we neared the temple the noise and the crowd increased, and the *goers* fresh from the priest's paint-pot avoided contact with the *comers*, who were not yet blessed by Khali. It was a special day, and women and children predominated in the crowd—many of the youngsters wholly naked, except for a narrow black string about their "stomies," and the women not overwell sheathed in their winding sheets. The shrine of Khali, in the midst of a foul court, was jammed. The priests pushed the crowd aside so that I could look in through one of the four portals and behold the goddess. A squatting black statue, ugly and repulsive beyond description, was the Khali, receiving the flowers and meat and drink offerings of the mob of fanatic people. At one side of the court-yard was the stone block on which the victims were killed, and though I did not see

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"the death," still there were two carcasses of a buffalo and a goat lying in their fresh blood. Right around the court were traders selling the meat and entrails of the sacrifices, and chains of flowers for the goddess. In this crowd, which was for the most part low caste, or no caste, walked here and there handsome, noble looking Hindu men who boasted a university education probably, and were proud to wear the sign of Khali on their foreheads. I really felt that I might be hundreds of miles from a trace of western life or thought, and yet I was in the "European" city of Calcutta. I suppose our ideas have touched Khali's worship, for they tell me that of old she had human instead of animal victims to please her. I believe she would have them to-day, but for the Englishman's law.

I called again on the Whites in the afternoon, and received a very cordial welcome and God speed. At 7:15, the Bombay mail left and I reached Benares at 9.

Letters From Calcutta to Bombay

Benares, January 21st.

ON Saturday I "did" the town with guide and carriage. Sunday, I went before breakfast for a row on the Ganges to see the sun and water worshippers' religious bathing in the sacred river.

Benares, January 23rd.

Monday I rode out to the Sarnath ruins—supposed to be over 15,000 years old, and the alleged cradle of Buddhism. Tuesday I started for Lucknow at noon and got there just before dinner in the evening. Hill's Imperial Hotel is the hostelry where I hang out. Wednesday I was again guilty of "doing" a town, and to-day I have been going over again on foot the Residency grounds. I have not seen an historical spot that tells its story as vividly as do these broken and riddled gates and walls tell the tragedy of the Mutiny. Almost without the guiding inscriptions you can picture the struggle in your imagination—the brave stand of perhaps two thousand men against uncounted assailants. The place has been left practically untouched, as an object lesson quite as much of heroism as of perfidy. I saw where Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded, where he died and his grave in the cemetery. Along with the memorial to the brave Englishman, one is touched

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and thrilled by the generous tributes to the loyal native troops—not hirelings, but heroes. My interest in the wearying and splendid array of palaces, mosques and mausoleums that decorate Lucknow is very weak beside the interest I feel in the remains of '57. They are too full of very real experience, for ruins. I have noted down some of the inscriptions and will send them to you.

Benares means to me the picture I had on Sunday morning of the river-worshippers. Much more I saw, but the river scene is so far beyond the others that it stands alone. Lucknow and Cawnpore bear the witness to that tragedy in British rule in India. The mutiny of troops now seems quite out of the question. But the spirit is here, I believe, and the British rule, as far as I see it, rests on rail and rifle, quite without support from the Indian social system. I am anxious to see the attitude in a native State. In Benares I went to the London Mission College. It seemed that both principal and head master (the two English teachers) were away and the school was being run by the teacher of science, a Calcutta Hindu. When he found I was not an Englishman he talked quite freely. He is not a Christian. In speaking of the political conditions, he said that he thought the English were frightened at the progress western ideas were making through the university men among the people, and were trying to take a step back and delay any attempt at self-government. He was hopeful that if the government would train the people in self-government, and be patient with them and not frightened

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and go back when things did not run quite smoothly, that the Indian could in time rule himself. I was interested in what the man said, and though he was quiet and unusually judicial in his talk, and I presume represented the most conservative and sound way of thinking, I could see that he was wholly unloyal to the British rule. I have heard the other side of these questions put so often and so strongly (the question I mean of the press and the Calcutta municipality) that I was interested in his view.

Cawnpore, January 27th.

I had a guide, one Morgan, who was in Lucknow during the siege and knows the history of Cawnpore. He was interesting and thoroughly competent. Wheeler's Entrenchment is the spot where the Nana with fair promises induced the garrison and civilians of Lucknow to take refuge. Here he kept them till the numbers were reduced through shell and fever. He did not want to take the place, which he could have done. It suited his purpose better to torture them. The story of the horrors of the life in the entrenchment, the ruses and tricks they resorted to in order to get rid of their dead, the suffering and death of scores from thirst, is only eclipsed by the slaughter of all but four of the nine hundred and fifty souls after Nana had induced them to leave the camp and take boats from Allahabad.

Agra, January 28th.

The night train brought me to Agra at 12:30 A. M. Much to the disgust of the porter, who was down to meet me from the Hotel, I insisted on

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being taken at once to the Taj. The European gardener who lives in a little thatched bungalow near the gate gave his permission only after being assured that it was an American—no use withstanding an American—and sent a native to let us in. The double entrances were charming in themselves, their lines fading off in the soft moonlight. But on I went, not lingering now to see the Pearl's setting. A wicket was opened for me and shadowy figures rose up and salaamed to the night-visiting American. I was in a very unromantic frame of mind and was seeing the Taj by moonlight! Quite as a matter of business and quite prepared to be disappointed, but I was not. [Here ends the description of the Taj.]

Agra, January 28th.

Next morning I took a guide and went over the fort and over the mosques and palaces of rare beauty and across the river to the Tomb of Itmad-nd-Danah, a building of as beautiful a finish as the Taj. In the afternoon I drove out to Secundra and saw the great Akba's Tomb. Of these tombs I can only tell you satisfactorily with the photographs, so please wait.

Sunday morning I met at breakfast a bully chap who it seems represented the Chicago Record at Manila from start to finish of the operations there. His name is McCutcheon, and he is now traveling here in the East partly for pleasure and partly to find and locate telegraphic correspondents for his paper. I went to the Garrison Church in the morning, and in the afternoon

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McCutcheon and I drove to the Taj. It was a quiet and peaceful view of the building and much enjoyed. I found that McCutcheon had to push on to Delhi and so, to get his company, for I am a bit weary of traveling alone, I took the night train with him and located here. We had a guide and "did" the Fort, and the Jumma Musjed Mosque and the ruins outside the city. On Tuesday we went to Kootub Minar, another Delhi ruin, where the grand old tower still dominates the surrounding country, rising in its massive stoniness to the height of two hundred and thirty-eight feet. We tiffined at the Kootub, as it was a twenty-two mile drive there and back.

Jeypore, February 3rd.

Took the mountain train for Jeypore, my first native state. I was in luck to see a marriage procession. Early in the day I passed the party assembling at the groom's house, making ready to escort him to the home of the bride. The guests came in bullock carts, on pony-back and afoot. The groom was provided with a little horse covered with gold, or the semblance of gold, on which the boy, perhaps ten years old, was seated. He was preceded by gorgeous outriders and followed by a hired landau in which his near family rode under the shade of a large umbrella, held by saises. You can get the effect by thinking of a mixture of an Irish funeral with the grand opening procession of Barnum's.

Later, in the city, I saw the same wedding more advanced. Now the procession was headed by a

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band, who blew Asiatic sounds out of European brasses. Then followed native soldiery—turbans and flintlocks—then heralds, and then, the center of interest, came the little bride and groom seated in state on a splendid big elephant. The children looked bored, though they had everything that heart could wish. Only fancy the joy of following a screeching band on the roof of a swinging elephant—and all this with your best clothes on! I forgot the elephant that preceded the children. This was just for display to carry an outrider. The rear of the procession was brought up by the guests in their varied turnouts—some in dog-carts, and again some in buffalo wagons. What wouldn't I have given to have held the hands of my eight nephews and nieces during this spectacle! Truly it gave food for dreams, and the little boy and girl were really getting married, poor dears.

The clothes the people wear are much brighter and more varied in hue than I found in the other provinces. Such turbans—in form and color and variety, they leave nothing to the imagination to imagine. Pure white, instead of being the regular thing, stands out in the crowd as quite a novelty and sets off golds and reds and purples and greens and yellows, all the yellows you ever saw. I had heard of the armor of Jeypore and I found the weapons curious, and some beautiful. I sent in an application to the English Resident and obtained permission to visit the royal stables of the Maharajah. They were funny and eastern. A great number of horses filled a large and dirty enclosure. All were well groomed and fed high and not ex-

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exercised, so they are fat. The Maharajah is devoted to a palace full of dancing girls and finds no time for horses. I saw the alligators fed in the royal tank, and grizzly old patriarchs they were.

The next morning I used the permission of the Resident to drive out to Ambar, the old and now ruined capital of Jeypore. The hills look down on the half ruined town and fortress. The streets and houses are empty but for the poor fakirs who with their goats live in misery. The city was not ruined by war or earthquake, but by the whim of a Maharajah, who thought the more open sight of the present town would suit him better.

The palaces on the hillside overlooking the deserted village have rooms of great beauty. The marble work here reminded me of Delhi and Agra, though not as beautiful.

I left the State of Jeypore that night for an uneventful ride to Bombay, save for pleasant meetings. A jolly youth was in my compartment who was on the staff of Prince Ranjitsinkj, the famous cricketer. The fellow, who is a grand-nephew of Henry and John Lawrence, is a companion to the Prince, and plays cricket and hunts and writes for His Highness. Young Lawrence, from his own account, is a bold and adventurous youth of spirit who knows the world from A to Z, but who nevertheless keeps the freshness and enthusiasm of an English schoolboy.

Amenabad, February 8th.

The Mosque and Tomb of Shah Allah, the Lake and the English factories make Amenabad conspicuous. All these I gazed upon with profit

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and some pleasure. I confess that tombs and temples begin to weary me. Continuous sight-seeing alone, is not my ideal of happiness.

Bombay, February 9th.

I woke up in the City of Bombay and had just time to put on my boots and tumble out for the Church Gate Street stop. Before I attempted to recover from my four nights on the train I went around to the General Delivery for my letters. I was rewarded. A bath, fresh raiment and breakfast remade me, and I felt heart to attack Bombay. The rest of the morning I spent in reading up Bombay, and in the afternoon I guided myself in a trip around the southern part of the city. The next morning I started forth to find the American Mission and Mr. Edward Fairbank, an Amherst man, who has been supported here by the students of Amherst College. I finally found the Mission compound with "Rev. E. S. Hume" on the gatepost. I knew I was about to meet one of the famous India Hume family. My welcome was certainly very cordial and they gave me a warm invitation to make my home with them while I was in Bombay.

They took me at once to see their school, and a fine sight it was—the grade of our high schools, and with that rare thing in India, co-education. The faces of the girls and boys would certainly impress you at once as being different from, and distinctly nobler than, the run of faces you see. Indeed, I saw in my trip no such girls' faces, sweet and reposeful. The school very kindly sang for

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me in Marathi and European music with English and native words, and they sang well.

Then Mr. Hume told something about me, I am sure I don't know what, and asked me to speak. I was much scared and said some words.

The Humes suggested my going up to Ahmednagar and driving out to Wadale to see Mr. Fairbank. The idea appealed to me, so Mr. Hume telegraphed his celebrated brother, Dr. Robert Hume, in Ahmednagar, to receive me and arrange for my making the twenty-six miles by tonga to Wadale. Mr. Hume saw me off by the night train. I slept as usual, too much like a brick, and should have passed Ahmednagar had not Dr. Hume put his head into my compartment, and aroused me as the most likely Blatchford in sight. I spent the day in examining the mission schools, which are large and interesting. The industrial work under Mr. Smith seems very promising. I saw the boys at carpet weaving, and was shown through the fine new building for machine and wood work. This two-story structure was given by a rich Parsee. A good benevolence, I believe. The medical work under Dr. Julia Bissell is beyond all praise. She seems to be doing as much business on a small plant as I have ever seen. The whole enterprise of Foreign Missions is deeply interesting. Its scope and organization profoundly impressed me. It is thorough and practical. If Christianity is what we believe it to be as a religious and social institution, the main point is to see that the seed is well planted. Then you develop Christian character, and the quantitative

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increase can be left to the inherent strength of the idea. Certainly these schools are working to turn out men and women of *character*, and to them must the result be left. I very greatly enjoyed talking with Dr. Hume. He gave me much, not only concerning the Mission work, but about the religious life of India. He seems to appreciate remarkably the historical development of Hinduism, and I should delight to study under him the comparative religions of India.

Mr. Fairbank telegraphed that he would meet me at Amednagar Sunday morning. The gentleman was at breakfast. Dr. Hume offered his tonga for us on our drive out to Wadale.

The way, though dusty and uninteresting, was short in our converse. I was at once attracted to Mr. Fairbank. He is a natural, loyal man, and takes his missionary life joyfully. He was eager to hear of Amherst, which is one of his loyalties. What he said of his work was said in such a simple, self-forgetful way that I at once felt a lively desire to see it.

Mrs. Fairbank greeted us at the end of our ride and two rosy, happy children from their respective naps looked far from the typical Indian babies.

The church is the boys' schoolhouse, a single room where they recite, study and sleep. When we came in, the mud floor was quite covered with the seated audience. The pastor had a face that was good to look at and spoke with evident kindness and genuineness. It was Communion Sunday. The simple service lost none of its power

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because of its strange setting. The two deacons served the church, walking silently among the people seated on the floor.

I was most interested in the settlement work going on at this station. This Christian gentleman and his wife, delightful people, live here to help everybody in the neighborhood. Mr. Fairbank is one day talking with a farmer about his crops, the next discussing with a learned Brahmin some deep problem. To show you how their work is appreciated, take this example: Parsees and Hindus have contributed to dig a well seventy-five feet down on the spot where Mr. Fairbank's father was the first settler, as a memorial. Only a small proportion of the money is given by native Christians. As we saw the country people salute Mr. Fairbank and ask that their children be taken into the schools, I felt that his work was far-reaching. You would call it expensive to send such highly trained missionaries, furnish them good houses and helpers. But what are the facts? I saw cheap missionaries of other lands or denominations who do their own work, using nine-tenths of their time in such labor, who learn little of the language and who die in pitiful numbers. They do not command the same respect. Cheap work brings cheap results. This educational work, looking over long periods, leaving the results to Him who has promised His presence and help, cannot fail.

On our way back to Ahmednagar we stopped at Shandi. In a shed, as we would call it, were gathered some forty children who were taught the

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first three grades. I saw here the very beginning of the educational system. Here starts the training of the men and women who are furnishing the Mission with native workers. I think this village school—the most primitive—was to me the most impressive part of the work I saw. The little naked children, gathered in from the street, start the course which makes so many of them useful head-and-hand workers for the New India.

Bombay, February 19th.

The night train brought me back to Bombay two days before the "Vindebona" sailed for Suez. The natural features of Bombay are most attractive. Its island location in the sea, its hills, its coast line! It is much too attractive for the Plague!

We drove to the Animal Hospital conducted by the merciful Jain Community. Such a hideous lot of deformity I never saw gathered in one place. The virtue of the institution is to keep wretched animals alive. One longed for the chance of shooting the whole lot. We came home by a beautiful circuit around the back bay and over Malabar Hill. Mr. Hume took me to the Towers of Silence. They are really very impressive in their white solidity. There is no mistaking the intention of the vultures that roost by the hundred there and motionless await the next funeral. The plague is making business brisk for them now.



Letters From

1871

CHILD V.

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1871

"IN EGYPT"

Letters From Bombay to Port Said

Bombay, February 16th.

I REACHED Victoria Dock a little after noon and settled in my roomy cabin on the staid cargo boat "Vindebona." My cabin mate is a German count, von Königsmark. He has been military attaché at the German Tokio legation. He is young and amusing and friendly, and we got on excellently.

In three days we were at Karachi. It gains its importance as a great shipping point for the Punjab. The ride from Karachi to Aden was very, very smooth. We had frequent views of headlands and islands off the coast of Arabia.

Aden, February 25th.

The look of the land is thoroughly barren and picturesque. The rocky mountains are steep and without green. The town is near the shore, and also without green. It was quite cool the afternoon we landed, but everything spoke of furnace heat. The description of the place as a "burned cinder" is strikingly true. At 11 P. M., we steamed out of the harbor, and on toward the Red Sea. We met many boats on this water turnpike. The trip to Suez was uneventful and pleasant, rather too much wind and chilly. Dropped anchor off Suez Port at 9 A. M., March 4th.

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[The next day in Cairo, Huntington was absolutely surprised to meet two members of his family connection, Mr. Charles P. Clark of New Haven and his daughter. His four weeks' visit with them filled his hungry heart almost to the exclusion of the sights of Egypt. He writes from Luxor:]

"The most novel and most delightful feature has not been the tombs and temples, the gardens and deserts of Egypt, but the life with really truly friends, waking up in the morning and finding they have not vanished. I have been paddling around so long alone that to be one of a party is almost too good to be true."

[We find the trooper alone again en route to Palestine.]

Letters From Bombay to New York

Port Said, March 31st.

AUSTRIAN Lloyd Saturnus. Very rough. The captain fond of wood painting with hot irons and also of light wines.

Jerusalem, Easter, April 2nd.

A line must go to you this day. Early Saturday morning we found ourselves at Jaffa. Wish I could share with you the beauty of it all—the perfect Syrian sky, the smell of the orange blossoms, the *real green* grass, and the charming misty greenness of the olive trees.

To-day I took a dragoman and went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Via Dolorosa. This afternoon I have been reveling in the views of the city and country from the Mount of Olives; afterward the English Vesper service.

[Huntington was the guest for five days of Dr. Frederick Bliss, a member of the Palestine Exploration Fund of London. Dr. Bliss was at work in his diggings on a mound in Judea, at Tel Zakareya.]

Deir Aban. In Camp Palestine. April 8th, 1899.

Since last Sunday so much has passed before my eyes. Easter, as I wrote you, was a lovely day. The afternoon views from the Mount of Olives I shall never forget. You know them—the views—

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the trees, the valleys and hills, the city in its silhouette against the bluest sky, the desert mountains stretching to the Dead Sea and the Moab Mountains beyond. After all, that Mount of Olives view is *the* thing I have seen in Palestine. Monday morning the weather was wet and cold again, and so instead of tripping it, I took the Consular guard and Turkish guard and safely inspected the Mosque of Omar. The mass of buildings was interesting. The Mosque itself delighted me with its coloring. The dome of the Kiosque is fine, and you can feel that it is genuine. It has the advantage also of being visible. I was not able, on the other hand, to *see* the hair from the beard on the chin of the prophet, though the faithful are treated yearly to this sight.

Monday afternoon I took a carriage in the bitter cold wind and drove out to Bethlehem. The site of the village and the hill of the shepherds are thoroughly worth while. Tuesday, I took horse with my dragoman, Anton Farwegy, and a pack horse to carry food and started for the Dead Sea. It rained and was cold and disagreeable, but I felt a strong horse under me, and when after about half an hour's riding, we got out of the rain, I was happy. Isn't it a wonderful trip? We followed the carriage road to a point about half an hour beyond the Apostles' Fountain, and then we struck off on a trail direct to the Dead Sea. We lunched at the village called Nebi Musa (the grave of Moses), where a Moslem shrine sacred to Moses is visited by thousands yearly. Anton laid my meal in the center of the village, and I ate much, in spite of

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the devouring glances. We defiled down the rocks to the sea plain, and across the marshes and sand hummocks to the seashore. This was perhaps 1:30 in the afternoon. I stripped and had one plunge in the salt, but one was enough. I can almost feel my eyes and nose and throat burning from it now. I was glad I "done" it. Then we had a gallop across the plain to the Jordan. The ford and its tree-covered banks and its hurrying water were beautiful.

We reached Jericho about 5 o'clock, and walked about those gardens watered from Elisha's Springs. I slept at the Jordan Hotel. Next morning early I rode out to Elisha's Springs; then up the hills we wound with the Brook Chereth below us. At the Good Samaritan Inn the horses rested and we took coffee. We rode into rain about two hours out from Jerusalem. We had escaped two rainy days in the city.

Friday morning, I took the early train for Deir Aban. The morning was splendid. The first really fine morning I saw in Jerusalem, except Easter. After an hour and a half, I reached my destination. A bully bay horse and a wild looking gentleman of kindly manners and Arab speech met me. Out of the railroad valley we struck to the south and wound up through grain fields and among rocks and across ditches to a point on a ridge commanding a grand prospect. Away to our right was the blue sea, and to our left were more hills.

Before us was a hillside, sloping down to the broad green valley in the midst of which was a

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mound, big enough for a mountain with us. At the base of this mound-shaped hill, in a grove of olives, I saw the white tents of the camp. Such a pretty sight! We went down, through the town, across the valley and into the camp. Here various gentlemen appeared, all of Arab speech. From their motions I judged that the Khowaja Bliss was up yonder on the mountain. Up I went, and, just short of the top, I encountered the Doctor coming down. His welcome was cordial, and up again we went together to the diggings. Of the general location of Tel Za Rareya and of the manner of exploiting the mound, you will see an account in the last "statement" of "the Fund." They have been finding nice things lately—jar handles marked with the King of Hebron's name, etc. Many ladies and gentlemen and children were working amid not a little noise, and I saw laid bare the stone ground plan of a fortress with rooms and towers. A young English fellow named McAlister is with the Doctor, and after lunch he took me through some of the rock chambers in the hill. Really, they are most curious. Struggling through a hole, on your stomach, you rise up to find yourself in a room big enough for an afternoon tea, and then you drop down through a man-hole, wriggling along a gallery ample for a Cheshire cat, into a beehive closet where you can kneel—and so on it goes. Mr. McAlister has already found forty-nine rooms in the cave we were in, and on the hillside there are some forty big and little caves like this. Their age is undoubted, and they were cut by man in soft limestone.

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The Doctor wishes me to stay until the next boat for Beirut and wishes me to exercise his horse, the very nicest horse I have been on. The place is charming, and the camp life suits me beautifully. I wish your eyes could look at the valley of greenness before me. Just across there, by those four trees, David killed Goliath, and down there the Philistine army made their hasty exit.

Marquand House, Beirut,
April 13th, 1899.

We had a nice time of it at Jaffa and on the Russian boat coming up. When I opened my eyes this morning, we were quite in the harbor. I found when I came on deck a member of the Beirut College Staff who had come down to meet me. He wafted me through the customs and into the carriage on whose box sat Nuchly whose historic individuality I felt like embracing, but whose hand I shook while he gave Arabic and English words of greeting.

The welcome here was very cordial. Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss and Mrs. Dale received me like a member of their family. I am very much at home. Isn't the beauty of this place lovely? The snow is on the mountains, and the wind and sun make the sea charming. Various social events have been planned—walks, horseback rides, charades and visitings. Monday morning, like a good child, I went down to the dentist. I felt like kissing his rough hand when he proved to me that what I thought was a whale of a cavity was only a rough edge on a tooth. He remedied it

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with the file, removing at the same time a corner of my face.

I started from the Marquand House on horse-back with my kit in the saddle-bags at seven Wednesday morning for Baal Bec and Damascus. I was troubled by the horse's laziness, but that did not blind me to the views. It certainly is a grand series of outlooks, the sea gradually broadening as you look down on the coast from a greater and greater height; above, the snow-capped mountains. When I was at the top of the ridge I could lean over and scoop up snow on the roadside. At Zahleh I was welcomed by the Jessups. The little girls seemed pleased to find a real man who talked English. Mr. Jessup and I worked up the scheme of sending the unfaithful horse back to Beirut via a muleteer. Being then quite free I started in on "Arabia" for Baal Bec. The ruins and the lovely fountain—you know them! The next morning by train to Damascus. Near by, it is quaint and dirty; at a distance, it is lovely. No wonder the Arabs, as they came over the thirsty desert, thought they had found a Heaven at last. I am very glad I came.

[Huntington was the guest of friends all the way through Europe, at Naples, Rome, Venice, Varese, Lucerne, Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Brussels.]

Varese, Italy, May 21st.

I am writing this on a glorious Sunday morning, before an open window. I look out on a garden fringed with pine trees, between which the snow-covered Alps appear like framed pictures.

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This is a charming place. Real Spring I have found here, with birds and frogs and grass. The green I have had always with me this last year, but here is spring.

Brussels.

On Monday, we walked through many museums, churches, Hotel de Ville, and last but not best of all, the beautiful Bois. It is really lovely.

London, May 30th.

Thank you for the letter telling of Ned's coming to London. It is a great surprise, and as you know is something to look forward to with the keenest anticipation. The White-Star people say the Cymric is due on Saturday. I walked down the Strand and on along the Embankment by the Houses of Parliament to the Abbey, and coming back I saw a parade of the Queen's soldiers. Since last Tuesday I have been waiting developments and seeing sights, London being the chief sight. Dr. Gibson enclosed me a ticket to the Horse Guards' Review at the Palace to-morrow. I love to watch soldiers! and there is going to be a band!

Wednesday was Derby Day. I bought a ticket for Epsom Downs, some eighteen miles south of here. Well! It was a great sight. All London and his wife were there from H. Hawkins to the Prince of Wales; they were all there to make a day of it, and they all did. The only differences we could see were that the Prince took a bottle of champagne in his pocket and drank it at lunch, and Hawkins put a bottle of beer in his pocket and

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drank it at lunch. Then the Prince sat in a chair on the roof of a shed and Hawkins sat aloft on an express wagon. The race over the rolling downs was exciting, won by Flying Fox, the favorite. A French colt, ridden by an American, fell just in front of where I was. He turned his ankle, or fuzzled his guppy, or some such thing. I guess the little horse won't run for some time, though the jockey was in the next race.

I had a rarely good standing place on a grocery wagon, for which vantage point I paid sixpence. Strange to say I made no money on the race, and as I lost none I suppose, on the Van Bibber principle, I should credit myself with large winnings. I saw some things in the crowd I should like to forget—the London female drunk is a nightmare. However, I like the people for the most part, and *all* of those I walked with.

Last evening I went to hear Tree in "Captain Swift." This actor, who has for his leading lady his wife, is pressing Henry Irving hard in the matter of popularity. Next day I dropped in at the National Gallery, and was improved, though very slightly. This was not because I did not need improving. I was interested in the Turners. Pardon this scrappy and somewhat incoherent letter. I will try to think out a more homogeneous scheme for my next.

London, June 6th.

Saturday I went to the Trooping of the Colors. It was a bully military spectacle. In the evening I saw Henry Irving in Robespierre. He was great! Sunday I heard Dr. Joseph Parker, at the

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City Temple. The service was largely a musical one. The crowds reminded me of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn.

Monday I took the train for Epping Forest. I felt I must get out of the City, and in the Forest I found just what I wanted. It is natural and altogether springlike and charming. It was after 7 before I reached this hotel and found the enclosed telegram from Liverpool waiting for me: "Meet me Euston, 8:20 to-night. Ned."

I dusted for the station where I met the brother. Oh! It was awfully good! I haven't gotten through smiling over it yet.

Thursday afternoon I went to the British Museum and took a bird's-eye view. It is rather too big for comfort. I hope to go again. Thursday evening we came in to the Haymarket Theatre and saw two very popular English actors in a very good funny play. We both laughed till we almost wept.

London, June 13th.

I have bought my ticket and all things are made ready. Oh, the delight of looking forward to that other end of the sea voyage! When you get this I shall be starting. There will be many friends on the St. Louis.

Monday I took a trip down to Hampton Court, returning by the way of Richmond and Kew Gardens, and the Thames to Westminster. It was very beautiful. To-night we hear "Faust" at the Opera.

Can you realize the meeting will be a week after you get this? Letters are very good, but seeing is

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better, and what joy it is to look forward to changing our method of communication.

U. S. N. S. St. Louis, June 30th.

This note will be the last written word you will have from me before we meet. The thought of meeting has been for so long so distant that I only little by little realize that seeing you is near.

Telegram. New York, July 1st.

Fine passage. All well. Arrive Chicago via Erie, five, Monday afternoon.

HUNTINGTON.

Snatches From Letters

IN his busy life, with its multiplied interests and activities, which he himself speaks of as "good and varied," his correspondence with his friends was necessarily brief. Of this he often complains, as when he says: "There are many things to write about, but I have been squeezed in my writing time." In one of his letters to his family during their sojourn in England, when he made his home with his brother Paul, he writes: "These are busy days, and busy days grow into busy weeks; and the weeks go by, and the seasons, and everything moves on wings, except the separation from you; and that seems—Oh so slow!" Once, when disappointed in receiving the regular weekly missives, he naïvely remarks: "So far this Monday, my eyes have not been gladdened by the letter from you. I am really rather glad of it, if it means that you are not working on the letter writing business."

Towards his father he had a feeling of old-fashioned respect and reverence, combined with the closest filial fellowship. Writing to him on his birthday he says: "My special love goes to you on your birthday. I pray a prayer of thankfulness for what God has given to me in your life, and work, and name, and in the joy of your friendship." To that he adds, "How the extent of our family in the degree of latitude impresses us at these anni-

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versary times. It is a wonderful bond that can eclipse the cable for speed, and keep us bound together in close common love. Do you feel the current? It sets your way from three continents."

To his "very dear Mama" he sends his love as a birthday present, remarking, "It is as old as I am, and still very fresh; and it is a good deal bigger at present than twenty-five years ago."

In another letter he recounts this quaint incident: "Do you remember in your school days a youth by the name of——? A white haired party answering to that name said he knew you, and your brother Ed. I happened to meet him this morning when I was out collecting. I don't think from his appearance that you knew him very well."

To a beloved sister he sent this birthday message: "How glad I am that you were born. It is a joy to think of you, and all that you are to so many people. I don't know why this should be particularly so on your birthday, unless that the thought that is subconscious at other times—a sort of heart content—becomes ready for expression on an occasion."

Touching the weather—an ever recurring epistolary theme—he has many characteristic things to say. Once, when Chicago's weather was evidently doing its worst, he drops the remark: "I refrain from any mention of the weather. We hope for better things." Again he says, "I hope that before now the spring has really come for you. Judging by our weather you should be wearing ear muffs." And again: "The rain is coming down steady and cold; the ground is

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covered with ice and snow; and the joys of nature are confined to hope." After describing a regular downpouring thunder storm that broke over the city, he remarks, "I remember it rains in a lady-like way with you in England." The coming of Spring he always hailed with delight. "To-day is fine" he writes, "with a touch of spring in the air. As you know, this makes me glad." To the same effect are the words: "I wonder if the spring has come to you as it is here? To-day is one of those sun days when you can not think of enough good things to be glad about. Everything seems to be touched by the sun. After such a March as we have had—really a disgraceful month—one's spirits do follow the barometer in spite of everything."

He has many shrewd observations to make regarding his young friends. Take this as a specimen: "He is somewhat in the position of a man who goes swimming, and has only gotten half way in. He needs to get wet all over. I believe when he gets his work he will throw himself into it. He has good ability, and when he really gets wholeheartedly busy I would confidently prophecy success to him."

Evidently he did not think that one who consumes his life in the service of others dies untimely; for when a young medical friend was stricken down as the result of professional overstrain, he remarked, "He burned his candle out at both ends, and did it to excellent purpose."

At one time he had entertained the idea of studying for the Gospel ministry; and when he came to the point of final decision he expressed himself on this wise: "I have not gone through

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any peculiar or hard deciding process. It is just what everybody has to meet some time. You've got to cut the garment to suit your cloth. I feel so selfish, and mean, and unworthy, that I feel like kicking myself, for ever having thought of being a preacher of Christ. If there were no reasons in the world for my doing anything else I should hesitate to undertake a ministry such as that of Jesus, knowing my own heart as I know it. I shall try as I have tried in the past to do what appears to be my next duty; and in this instance my next duty appears to be to go on as I am."

Religious questions were always to him matters of living interest. When on his business trips he was sure to find his way to some church in the town in which he had to spend his Sunday. One such experience he thus reports: "I listened yesterday to rather a remarkable preacher. His subject was 'Paul's Vision and Commission.' It reminded me of F—'s 'The Vision and the Voice'—less picturesque, and more analytical. His idea was that the vision and the commission were interdependent, and that the vision was a product of experience, not an extraneous, disconnected fact. It pleased me because it made the idea of Paul's conversion simply the next step to his development. Do you remember our talking on the natural explanation of the supernatural light?" He has this to tell in the way of a prayer meeting experience: "Last night I took charge of the prayer meeting at our church. I spoke on what my idea was as to the function of the Church as a social organization in the community. I ex-

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plained what I took to be the underlying meaning and motive in so-called institutional Church work. In brief, my argument was that the Church as a body of followers of Christ must serve the community. If there are hungry to be fed, sick to be nursed, ignorant to be taught, it is the Church's duty to see these things are done. Now, in a situation such as our church is in, perhaps the greatest need of the surrounding community is a recognizing and inspiring of social life. I pointed out the abnormal features of the population in our neighborhood—absence of homes, nearness to great city temptations, etc. My conclusion was that a social work taken up by our church in the spirit of Christian service was entirely germane to the purpose of the Church, and a practical preaching of Christ's Gospel." With this pronouncement he says, "some agreed," others "took issue very kindly," one of the protestants contending that the Church "need not concern itself with social matters, beyond the utterance of God's rules of right behavior."

When the pulpit of the New England Congregational Church, of which he was a member, was vacant, he was appointed on the committee chosen to select a Pastor. Writing to his father he said, "We are not getting on rapidly in getting a Pastor. We have two promising men in mind, and I hope we can secure one in the spring. If you happen upon an English divine who is young, eloquent and experienced, orthodox, liberal, and enthusiastic; conservative and pious; humorous, genial, dignified; studious, and up-to-date; has

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a wife, etc., you might ship him over on approval, but don't trouble unless he has all these qualities noted above, and others which will appeal to you as indispensable."

Perhaps his most distinctive service to the Church consisted in his work for boys. Into that work he put the best he possessed. The following extract from a letter speaks for itself as to the thoroughness of the work, and especially as to the closeness of its personal touch: "Saturday night I had my six boys for supper. Before the meal we had our written exams., one hour long, on the fall term. They did it all with good enthusiasm, and greatly enjoyed a simple but delicious dinner, ending with ice cream. Paul, Fred, and Aunt Susan were fine hosts. After supper I took the boys downstairs, and worked off steam on the punching bag which we have erected in the room under the library. Then to cool them off Paul read one of Spearman's railroad stories. It was for all a good evening."

His love for little children was strong; and drew them to him as a magnet draws iron. Referring in one of his letters to a small niece, he writes, "I have a verse for Mary to go with 'The Purple Cow.' This is it—

'The cat is a contented beast;
She never worries in the least;
I tell you frankly, children, that
I'd sorter like to be a cat.'"

He had a Greek love of life, and was without a single trace of morbidity.

A Friendship of Age and Youth

IN looking across the track of the years, among the faces which I find most clearly etched on the background of memory, is that of my young friend, Huntington Blatchford. He was one of those rare personalities which one does not readily forget. Among the host of young men I have known, in a long lifetime, I can recall none goodlier than he. He came into my life rather suddenly, and after four years of close intimacy he was gone. But his place is vacant still.

The first general impression which he made was that of good breeding. You could see at a glance that he came from good stock. To his finger tips he was a courteous young gentleman, "to the manor born." There was about him an air of distinction, combined with a genuine democratic spirit, which made him a social mediator. He was a natural leader among young men, not that he ever assumed the role of leadership, but it was naturally accorded him.

In his business relations he was the soul of integrity. One could not conceive of him wittingly doing a wrong thing, or a mean one. I saw him frequently under great strain, but never once did he show the slightest tendency to compromise principle.

One was amazed at his tactfulness in dealing with all sorts of people; and at his wonderful

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patience in unraveling the most tangled business skeins. He had a way of doing hard things easily; and nothing ever seemed to becloud his judgment, or disturb his poise. He possessed in a large measure the saving grace of humor, and would often relieve the tension of an anxious hour by a sally of wit, that came as unexpected as a lightning flash. I recall how on one occasion when we were tackling a hard proposition, he looked up with that ineffable smile of his and said, "Our situation reminds me of the notice tacked over the organ in a church in a rough mining town out west: 'Don't shoot the organist, he is doing his best.'" The implication was obvious.

The enterprise which brought us together was that of founding a religious journal. He had hoped to put into it all his time and strength, but found himself so tied up by his father's business that he could make of it only a side issue. It was always a wonder to me that one so immersed in business responsibilities could give so much of himself to an outside matter, and superintend its affairs with such competence. If any one wants to experience business perplexity in its most concentrated form let him dabble in printer's ink; and especially let him launch out on the uncertain sea of religious journalism. Our venture passed through a rapid series of transmigrations—changing from "The Christian Century" to the "American Weekly;" from that to "Christendom" and then to "The World To-day;" finally losing itself in "Hearst's Magazine." What an evolution! Was the fight worth the candle? That depends

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upon how it is looked at. Failure is a relative thing. Something was done that went into the life of the world, and that helped like the fallen leaves to nourish soil in which better things will grow.

With my young friend religion and business were not separate things. They were not kept in different water-tight compartments, but mingled into one. His religion was as much a thing of the counting-house as of the prayer meeting. It was woven into every fiber of his being. It was as natural and beautiful as a flower—and was not merely a part of himself—but was all of himself.

I often thought how proud I would have been to have had him for a son. Paul speaks of Timothy as his son in the Gospel. Huntington I always looked upon as my son by virtue of spiritual relationship. I believe that he found in me something of a father; and I know that I found in him something of a son.

There is one little touch of personal experience which I cannot refrain from giving. I was in the hospital recovering from a serious operation, and was struggling back to consciousness when he came to visit me. The doctors had given strict orders that all visitors were to be excluded. But Huntington had a way with him, to which the nurses, like all others, capitulated; and when I first opened my eyes, hardly knowing which side I was on, and saw his loving face beaming upon me, it looked like the face of an angel. And this was typical of the way in which the sunshine of his presence broke in upon many lives.

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As I write these lines his portrait looks down upon me. I cannot think of him as dead. He had survival value, and possessed the qualities that never perish. He is to me the emblem of youth made immortal. They are sure to like him where he is gone as we liked him down here. It seems to us an inscrutable mystery that one so young, and so full of promise, should have passed on. But, the All-Wise will see to it that his splendid powers, which were just coming to maturity, are put to some good use somewhere. In the Spiritual Kingdom nothing is lost; and that he has entered upon some higher form of service we cannot for a moment doubt. As the sun of my own life hastens into the West one of my most delightful anticipations is that of receiving the friendly greeting of my young friend on the other shore. To those of us who knew him best his going has made the thought of heaven more real and attractive.

JAMES M. CAMPBELL.

An Appreciation

I DO not remember my first meeting with Huntington Blatchford but have the impression that it was during one of his Amherst vacations. But one could not be thrown much into contact with his family, as I was privileged to be, without realizing that somehow this absent youngest member of the happy group held a peculiar position in the love and frank admiration of all. To see him just for one evening was to discover the explanation or at least to begin to see it.

In the first place his physical frame was a fit instrument, and expressive of a strong and even brilliant personality. He was tall, easy in movement, vigorous, and alert. He was alive all over. His head was broad, well formed and betokened power. His large, eager eyes looked out frankly and enthusiastically upon everyone and everything within range of his gaze. That gaze combined in a singular way gaiety and earnestness. His mouth was large and mobile, generally smiling, but capable of being set firmly with great determination.

Such a personality could not be long in any company without making itself felt as at once distinctive and distinguished. His modesty was real, but it never held him in check. His quick mind, his broad outlook on life, his firm grasp of

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reality, his living interest in human beings, his intense passion for life in all the variety of its movement and for the understanding of all the problems which arise in every direction for the man who truly lives, made him a ready and a fascinating conversationalist. The same qualities combined with that caution, which some do not know how to unite with enthusiasm, made him, young as he was, a valuable counsellor in business affairs as well as in the life of a family or a church or a club. Others have spoken of his humor. This quality, most attractive in a man who looked upon life so seriously and who worked so hard, made him the center of attraction in any group. He was not too old or dignified to avoid even practical jokes, the boy living on healthily in the man.

My own intercourse with Huntington centered around our common work at the New England church and in connection with the newspaper enterprise referred to by Mr. Campbell. It was there that one saw into the deeper side of his life. He was an unreservedly religious man. Aware, and keenly so, of the controversies in which the Christian faith is involved in every direction, he yet, like Browning, saw "reasons and reasons" for accepting its authority over his own life and for making its promises the foundation of his character. That he was a man of prayer, I constantly had the best evidence in the whole spirit and aim of his work for the Kingdom of God, as also in rare and quiet, but heartfelt references to the matter. It was through no family inheri-

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tance (rich in noble Church service as that was), through no social drift that Huntington threw himself so ardently into religious work. He had abundant reasons such as satisfy other good fellows for reducing that side of their activities to a minimum. But his central convictions about life and its meaning were Christian, and he was impelled by them to do his best for the Christian cause. In fact so strong did this devotion of spirit become that the work of the ministry attracted him very powerfully. In our talks on this subject I was careful not to press on him, as I knew very intimately, the reasons for the life work in which he was engaged. But the deeper he saw into the world and its need, the less was his soul satisfied with anything but the fullest consecration of his power to the Master's service. His work with his boys' class both satisfied and quickened this hunger. I remember with what emotion, at the end of a long Sunday of work, as we sat together in the car, he exclaimed suddenly almost to himself—"I believe I could do that work." I said, "What work?"—his words were so abrupt. And he said, "I mean the ministry."

This did not imply any dissatisfaction with the results of his business career. They were indeed remarkable. He had so impressed men with his ability and drive, his genial and firm methods with men, his resourcefulness and enterprise, that various persons said there was no position in the business world of Chicago beyond his reach. But Huntington had tested life at various points in brief years, he had been a

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student of law, and a soldier; he had travelled widely, and observed many sides of human experience. He had now seen deep into the business world. And through all and above all he saw "the gleam," the vision of the spiritual world, and to follow that was the yearning of his ardent and generous soul.

I was on service for several weeks at the University of Chicago in the Fall of 1905, and I then saw two of my dear friends were on their death beds. One was President W. R. Harper, who called me to his room several times and as I left for the last time called to me, my hand on the door, "You will not forget me, Mackenzie?" Huntington, whom I saw for one last brief interview, did not need to say that to his "Dominie" as he affectionately named me. We said no serious words, uttered no farewells. But his eloquent eyes and rich smile said all. The same broad forehead, the same open and clear gaze upon the interest of life in the presence of death, the same full tones of the voice that won many hearts, these were proof that the soul was unconquered, inheritor here of a few years of life pure, joyous, vigorous, generous, inheritor now of the life indeed for which His Father had intended him and to which he was now promoted.

Few men have passed away at his years and left behind on so many varied persons the message of a glad and noble personality as did this beloved youth, Huntington Blatchford.

W. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.

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